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ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 230 NOVEMBER, 1930 NUMBER 5

Apéritif

Surprise

THERE was a time when we had no faith at all in the old *cliché* about pen and sword. We thought words were just sent out into the void, so to speak, earnest but unavailing; it never occurred to us that our own might have far-reaching results. But now we are wiser — wiser and more cautious.

In a nutshell, here is the story. We blurted out last month that our opinion of the average pet and its owner was low indeed. We described the only animal we could ever admire for such use as a whale named Emma, and painted a glowing picture of her virtues. Then we walked into the office one morning and discovered, amid a horrible chaos of destruction, the full-grown embodiment of our picture — even down to the name, which was written on a tag attached to a collar about her neck, and on which was also the inscription "From a Friend."

We will gloss over the first painful details: how it was impossible to remove Emma from the building without dividing her; how we found her a temporary abode in the storeroom; how screams from people who had occasion to go in there gradually subsided; and how the shock of learning that Emma could speak finally passed away. Of course it was assumed that she would remain only until we could discover the genius who had succeeded in getting her into the building — or anyhow his method, so we could get her out.

Then one day we got to thinking, and something happened. The result was that Emma stayed with us, and will continue to stay with us just as long as we can persuade her to do so. Such logic is too beautiful to lose for the sake of a little space. But we digress. . . . What we were thinking about was balloon races — puzzling about them till we were distracted. We tore our hair, paced the floor and butted our heads against the wall. Unconsciously we drifted into the storeroom and found ourselves gazing at Emma. An idea struck us.

"Emma," we begged, "*why* are balloon races?"

She looked at us searchingly to make sure this was no mere joke, then closed her eyes and thought.

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We could feel the ponderous working of her mind, and sat tense waiting for an answer. Minutes passed. Finally she looked up with a slow, pleased smile.

"Because," she said. "Just because."

Revelations

THIS incident naturally precipitated long conversations with Emma, and in the course of them we were vastly delighted to discover in her a source of almost unlimited gossip about prominent persons. For instance, she told us a story about Under Secretary of State Joseph Cotton, better known as "Uncle Joe," who is reputed to be pretty much out of sympathy with the flowery school of diplomats.

"It seems," said Emma, "that Uncle Joe dictated a personal letter to a State Department stenographer. This young lady, accustomed to the parliamentary language of bespatted diplomats, sprinkled through the missive a lot of 'By your leave's and 'If you would be so good's, etc., so that Uncle Joe was quite bewildered when it came back for approval. He rewrote it, eliminating, as he says, half of the 'persiflage,' and dictated it again, unadorned. It came back to him this time somewhat simpler, but still flowery.

"He pondered the problem, but decided time was too valuable for another rewriting and finally settled the difficulty by adding a postscript to the document: 'Dear Jim: — I didn't write this damned letter. Joe.'"

And Emma continued:

"Then there was the time some of Mrs. Coolidge's college classmates were struck with the idea of getting up a chain letter telling the experiences of each graduate. The letter started out with a Mrs. A—, went on to another Mrs. A— in alphabetical order, through the B's, and in turn was delivered at the White House for Mrs. Coolidge, whose story, naturally, was to be the highlight on Reunion Day, when the letter would be read.

"But when the happy hour arrived the class officials discovered that the chain somehow or other had never been completed. Somebody set out to investigate, they say, and found that the letter had been turned over to the President's Secret Service staff when it came to the White House, and, being taken for the work of a crank, was tucked away in what is known as 'the nut file.' There it stayed."

Also, she told us about a boyish prank some of the Senators played on "Tawm" Heflin when he was engaged in his bitter, one-man war against the Pope. It seems that the heat of slaughter engendered in this brave crusader at times a certain lassitude, and once he stretched out on a divan to snatch a little sleep. Waking, he was astonished to find himself clad in vestments strangely resembling those worn by prelates of the Church in high ecclesiastical moments. Red they were, and even more strangely like the drapery which adorns the walls of the Senate corridor.

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Fervor

AS WAS to be expected, we ended up in a discussion of politics. It surprised us to see Emma's habitual calm become quite ruffled.

"Democrats — humph!" she snorted, nearly deafening us. "Look at Al Smith. He can't find anything better to do now than writing forty-nine-word histories of New York on corner-stones. Look at Jimmie Walker. He made a speech and two people fainted. And how about the people they want to make Senators? Names like *Huey* Long and '*Hi*' Noone. Don't they want *any* peace and quiet around Washington?

"Yes, and the Republicans too. A beauty parlor in the Senate Office Building! I read in the paper the other day that Belle Sherwin, Ruth Hanna McCormick, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Annabelle Matthews and a lot of others spend their time down there digging around in flower gardens. What does the fate of nations mean to them? Dahlias and daily massages! And the Republicans want to send even more women to Congress."

Poetry Again

JOHN MASEFIELD had been reciting *Sea Fever* over the radio, and comparing its broadcasting with old minstrel ways. He thought the radio was a great opportunity for poets and poetry, except that it was a little hard to tell how the audience was taking it. He also said: "You have given me the impression that all my audience has been listening to me breathlessly."

Emma's head shook violently, and the wall creaked.

"Breathlessly, my eye!" she exploded. "When he said, 'I must go down to the sea again,' all the cynics standing around in speakeasies probably thought it was that man Shearer getting in a little work for the ship-builders."

Sop

WE READ the other day about some pistol shooting at the national rifle matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. In the finals of the team competition the Los Angeles police beat the Royal Canadian Mounted police, and the reason given was that the former received more practice by impersonating the latter in wild west movies. It sounded fairly reasonable, though we always imagined that blank cartridges were used for this purpose because so little apparent damage is ever done, but we dislike to think that so prosaic an explanation is the only one. We like to think that some faint aura of the heroic still hangs over our Far West—even insist that it does. Why, it was not so long ago that we heard of a Y. M. C. A. man in Santa Barbara who jumped into the ocean and hauled out a shark with his bare hands! Emma thought it was a silly thing to do, but we felt a thrill.

At any rate, if the Mounties feel depressed, "Legs" Diamond must be a comfort to them. They hit *some* of the clay pigeons, or whatever they were shooting at.

Chiding

WE CAME in to see Emma one day feeling vexed and disgruntled. A traffic officer had just

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dealt with us in the manner to which this suffering nation has long been accustomed. We told her about it and expressed our indignation.

"Now, now," she admonished, "you shouldn't take it this way. Policemen really have a hard life; they're bound to get nervous and irritated now and then. Why, nobody gives them any peace.

"What if you had to remember all the laws there are that people can break? What if you had to snoop around, like the policemen in Wauchula, Florida, listening for unkind words about the town? Knocking Wauchula is against the law; and there are a lot of sillier laws than that in other places.

"Then, people are always objecting to policemen's getting fat. In Pittsburgh doctors chase them around, and if they gain a little weight they're either put on a beat to walk it off or made to do bending exercises. Would you like that?"

Somewhat ashamed, we shook our heads.

"And here they are now taking away the only good prerogative policemen ever had. I mean their right to bawl people out without letting them say anything back. Most men save up their petty annoyances till they get home, then take them all out on their wives. That's what's wrecking modern home life. But before judges began to weaken on this point, did you ever hear of a policeman's having an unhappy home life? No, sir! They will now though, you mark my words. It's a shame."

Downcast, we finally went out and started to apologize to the policeman, but his home life must have been exceptionally happy. *Too* happy for the public weal, we thought.

W. A. D.

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Prosperity Through Home Building

By John Pell

A family that owns its home takes a pride in it, maintains it better, gets more pleasure out of it, and has a more wholesome, healthful, and happy atmosphere in which to bring up children. The home owner has a constructive aim in life. He works harder outside his home; he spends his leisure more profitably, and he and his family live a finer life and enjoy more of the comforts and cultivating influences of our modern civilization. A husband and wife who own their home are more apt to save. They have an interest in the advancement of a social system that permits the individual to store up the fruits of his labor. As direct taxpayers, they take a more active part in local government. Above all, the love of home is one of the finest instincts and the greatest of inspirations of our people.
— Herbert Hoover.

This has been a year of heartbreaks for all of us. But the Administration has received more hard knocks than the average. Financial panics, floods, drought, tariff snarls and South American revolutions were crowded together into a few months like rocks in a narrow strait waiting to batter the Ship of State. Some of the paint is gone and halyards are weathered, but the Ship still floats. Its Skipper, having no time to brood on the calamities of the past, is taking soundings and peering into the fog. What lies ahead?

Prosperity is not a coincidence, nor is it the result of the hopes and fears of speculators. The fact that last year contracts for home building fell over half a billion dollars from the year before and over a billion dollars from 1925 was one of the causes of the economic disease, whose symptoms were the Wall Street panic and the commodity depression.

The problem of home owning and home building is perhaps closest to the President's heart today. A few weeks ago at a luncheon on the White House portico he discussed this subject with the Editor of The North American Review. Inspired by the President's constructive point of view, Mr. Mahony, on his return from Washington, commissioned Mr. John T. Flynn and me to make an exhaustive investigation of the home building situation.

Is it necessary to explain the rela-

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tionship of home building to prosperity? How many industries are affected when a house is built? I would like to wager that no matter how exaggerated a guess you made you would under-estimate the actual figure.

A HOUSE begins as a hole in the ground. That involves labor and tools. You see the men digging or working a steam shovel, but don't forget the men who made the tools they use. The foundations require a new kind of labor as well as bricks and cement. Once the actual house is started, you begin to deal with lumber, steel, plaster, hardware, paint, glass, plumbing, roofing, furring, laths, tiles, carpets, furniture, blinds, linen, iceboxes — an almost infinite number of different things. You end by building a garage and installing a radio.

Why do people build houses? Ask yourself. Read again the quotation at the head of this article. Why then are people in this country building less and less houses, though the population is steadily increasing? Has human nature changed? I do not think so. I believe that people want to own their homes as much as they ever did; but many — an increasing proportion — can not afford to build or buy. In either case, a certain part of the cost must be met with capital. The many who have little or no capital are forced to live in rented apartments, or tenements, and spend their surplus income on automobiles, radios, pianos, ice machines, washing machines, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners and fur coats, because these things can be bought out of income on the instalment plan.

Why should not home building be financed on the instalment plan? It is easy to imagine what such a plan, if feasible, would do for the building industries and basic prosperity. Is it feasible? What are the obstacles?

It is our antiquated and incompetent mortgage and usury laws which stand in the way. If an instalment buyer fails to pay his instalment on an automobile, it is taken back by the finance company. This fact — instantaneous foreclosure — has enabled reputable business to invest in automobile instalment financing. Actually, the percentage of cars which have to be taken back by the finance company is almost negligible. Human nature makes the institution of instalment selling possible. Who wants to face the laughter and pity of his friends when they find out that the nice new car he was driving has been taken back by the finance company? Would he not even more persistently defend his home?

UNLIKE the laws which govern the purchase of an automobile, however, mortgage laws vary from State to State, so that foreclosure on real estate takes anywhere from a month or so to years. For this reason, money lent on real estate is less liquid than money lent on automobiles. Since first mortgages pay six per cent, it is natural that capitalists should require a higher return on money invested in risky second mortgages (which take the place of instalment financing). Actually the interest on second mortgages varies between twenty and fifty per cent. This does not mean that those who invest in second mortgages double their money every year or so. The rate is high

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because it is risky. In other words, good second mortgages have to support the bad ones — the cases in which the occupant is unable or unwilling to meet his payments and the property is tied up during long and costly foreclosure proceedings.

These foreclosure proceedings are the key to the difficulty of changing mortgage laws. Real estate and its innumerable entanglements are the principal source of income of country lawyers, and it is country lawyers who make the laws. Nobody is eager to endanger his source of income, particularly when he can defend it with such nice sounding phrases as "the poor man's home must be protected from ruthless money lenders."

If you stop to analyze the situation, you will realize at once that this same poor man who owns or wants to own a house would be the greatest beneficiary from laws which made it possible for him to borrow the money needed to build his house at six per cent instead of at fifty per cent, as is now the case.

The American Bar Association has already prepared a uniform mortgage law, many able lawyers have given it their support, and the American Mortgage Bankers Association has been pressing for its adoption by the various States. The problem of educating the people to an understanding of their own conditions is always difficult, but it is not insurmountable. President Hoover, while Secretary of Commerce, succeeded in inducing some thirty-eight States to adopt uniform highway construction regulations. This was accomplished by holding a series of conferences of leading representatives of the States, who constructed and reconstructed plans until they finally secured one which met with unanimous approval. It was placed before the legislatures of the States, and passed, to the benefit of all interested in motoring. How much more easily could there be inaugurated a movement which would benefit all real estate owners, builders, bankers, railroads, manufacturers of household goods and the inhabitants of crowded tenements — rich and poor alike?

This country has experienced two eras of exceptional prosperity. The first was based on the construction and expansion of the railroads, the second on the construction and expanding use of automobiles. These eras were preceded by periods of consolidation and improved financial conditions in the railroad and automobile industries. Prosperity is not the result of an increase in the buying power of the public, but of an improvement in the attractiveness or usefulness of those things which are offered to the public for sale. Supply creates demand.

There were houses before railroad trains or automobiles had been thought of. There still are houses, and they are still largely built by the methods of the Eighteenth Century. Progress has been made in the construction of steel frame office buildings, but not in the construction of one-family dwellings. Today, it takes as long to build a sixteen-room cottage as a sixty-story skyscraper.

The railroad industry and the automobile industry — even the moving picture industry and the ice machine industry — are in the hands of great nation-wide corporations.

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The building of homes, the most fundamental of all economic occupations, is still in the hands of individual contractors and small groups of so-called speculative builders. Would you buy an automobile, which you plan to use for a year or so, from a speculative automobile manufacturer? No! You want the hallmark of a great corporation; but for your home, which you will occupy the rest of your life, you are forced to resort to competitive contractors or speculative builders.

In the few cases where big business methods have been applied to home building, the results have been startling. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is at present converting his father's estate at Forest Hills, Cleveland, into a model community, thereby giving work to the unemployed and providing comfortable, attractive brick houses, with all modern conveniences, at a price within the reach of young married people who are now living in dingy apartments. It is possible to do this and to receive a fair return on the capital invested, because the speculative builder and the exorbitant cost of financing have been eliminated.

The Russell Sage Foundation, the Carnegie Foundation, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, George Eastman, Edward Harkness, Julius Rosenwald and a few others have had similar experiences. It is for these great holders of liquid wealth, who are directly interested in the establishment of lasting prosperity, to lead the movement which can be made the basis for the third and greatest era of this nation's industrial progress. Any activity along these lines would undoubtedly be regarded with favor by the Administration. The people, the mass of voters, wage earners, potential house buyers and builders must be taught that they will be the ultimate beneficiaries from a movement which will enable them to buy houses with what they now spend on rent, at a fraction of the present total cost of house building, just as they now buy automobiles for a fraction of what they cost before instalment buying was introduced.

The Sears-Roebuck Company is already pioneering in this field. Its venture in loaning money on houses built with Sears-Roebuck materials has proved highly successful. The company is now preparing to enlarge its house building department and plans to lend as high as 75 per cent of the cost of the house, and to set up branches to cover every State.

Beside the Forest Hills development, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has built in Harlem a group of model apartments. The Negroes who live in these comfortable up-to-date apartments pay the rent they formerly paid for comfortless tenements, and Mr. Rockefeller receives six per cent on his investment. As at Cleveland, the elimination of the exorbitant costs of financing is what has made this possible. Building costs are sometimes nearly doubled by the burden of the second mortgage bonus and interest.

A plan has already been worked out which could be made the model for a corporation formed to finance real estate improvements on the instalment plan. Such a corporation could be set up immediately, without

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the delay which the changing of mortgage laws entails. According to this plan the would-be home owner contracts to pay down ten per cent of the cost price of his house and the balance as monthly rental. The finance company contracts to deliver to the occupant the deed to the property upon completion of the terms of leasehold. If the tenant fails to pay his rent, he is dispossessed like any other tenant. The total of the monthly payments comes to no more than the cost of the house if it were bought with a mortgage. This is because the financing company is able to buy for cash, enabling it to acquire the property at a cost averaging seven and a half per cent less than would be the case if a mortgage were left on the property. The financing company can then assign a first mortgage on its house to a bank or insurance company, thus releasing a great part of the capital to be used again in a similar transaction.

Plans may be discussed, panaceas suggested, but the Ship of State must sail on. What lies ahead? Have we passed through the straits?

Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all. — MARK: X: 44.

FOLLOWING the election of Herbert Hoover as President of the United States, the above quotation appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, accompanied by brief comment seeking the reason for his elevation "to the most dazzling and powerful position in the world. . . . To whom go the great rewards of fame and honor? Is it not for those who have been inspired by the wish to serve — be it one's neighbor or one's country, be it in science or in medicine or in literature, be it in education or the arts, be it in religion or in sport, be it in the discovery of uncharted portions of the earth's surface or in statesmanship, be it in relieving the suffering or feeding the hungry — that the recognition of the world is certain? If the greatest thing in the world is love and devotion to one's family, is not the satisfaction to be found in earning the regard of one's fellows next to the greatest thing in the world?"

Nearly two years later there is no occasion to vary these words. Since my first meeting with Mr. Hoover, when Secretary of Commerce, I had watched with a real interest the public reaction to his adopted course. At first it was almost unalloyed adulation, continuing for months after his inauguration as President; then for reasons beyond his control it turned into an outburst of almost unbroken criticism. The man has not changed. In the storm of events which has fallen upon his head he has gone upon his way serenely in a constant endeavor to advance the welfare of the country he serves, and in whose splendid future he retains the utmost confidence.

While motoring through New Mexico in the month of August, a message came extending an invitation to the White House and as a result of my meeting with the President, I commissioned my associate, Mr. John Pell, to write a preliminary article to be followed by another dealing with the proposed methods of financing a home building programme by Mr. John T. Flynn. W. B. M.

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Recollections of Mark Twain

By Clara Clemens

Part I—Her Childhood Memories

Twenty long years have passed since my father was laid in the ground, yet had these years been only days the memory of that tragic event could not be more vivid. In the lovely month of April — month of soft green shades and playing breezes — the spirit of liberation, that comes with spring to the human heart after bitter winter blasts, reached my father in the form of all-consoling death. The great soul of Mark Twain was released from bondage.

When my thoughts return to childhood, I see figures of romance surrounded by an atmosphere of fairyland, kings and queens in the world of dreams. Words can give no picture of those long-vanished, unforgettable days — days filled with joy, sorrow, humor, fun, work, and always sparkling interest. It is a pity that children take all kindnesses from their parents so entirely for granted!

Father never showed the least sign of being bored when my sister Susy and I clambered up on his knee, begging for a "long" story. There were several pictures on the walls of the room we called the library, which was our living room. In the large fireplace great logs blazed almost continuously, for in spite of a furnace this room was often cold, owing to the winds that howled about the windows during the winter season.

In the library my father, seated in a large armchair in front of the fire with my sister and me in his lap, would start a story from the picture hanging in the farthest left-hand corner of the room. Passing from picture to picture, his power of invention led us into countries and among human figures that held us spellbound. He treated a Medusa head according to his own individual method, the snakes being sometimes changed to laurel leaves that tickled joy into Medusa's hair and inspired thoughts of victory. If the colored butler, George, interrupted the tale by announcing a caller, or a meal ready to be served, our spirits fell and did not rise till Father returned to his story of the pictures.

He was always ready to make jokes at the breakfast table, and my impression is that his wit was not half appreciated at that hour in the morning. Everybody was down to breakfast by eight o'clock, but I don't think any one wished to be.

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I would say that my father was the only one at the table who found any real joy in life so early in the morning; and, of course, he didn't *find* it, he created it.

As I think back on the years spent in Father's company, I realize that there was rarely an hour when something of his genius did not shine forth. Even when surrounded by comforts and luxuries, he never sank into their clutches. He did not become "comfortable" to the detriment of his intellect and soul. Both were continually on fire. Wherever he was, he created a world of energized thought.

IN SPITE of a full life, my father found time for his three little girls, and devised many ways to amuse them. After a visit to Montreal, where he and my mother were entertained by the Viceroy, he returned with not only the gayest colored toboggan costumes for my sisters and me, but a full-sized toboggan. At the same time he supplied us with three collies that we christened, "I Know," "You Know," and "Don't Know."

A toboggan slide had to be arranged behind the house, but this was not difficult as our home stood on the top of a small hill, that sloped gradually to a rather broad meadow bounded on the far side by a river. Father was as jubilant as any of us the first day we gathered on the crest of the hill to try the new toboggan. Viewed from the street at a distance of forty yards, we must have formed a bright picture on that sparkling winter's day — three small girls in their blue, yellow and red costumes surrounded by three gamboling dogs, directed by a picturesque man dressed in a sealskin coat with a cap drawn down over his curly gray hair.

Father also taught us to skate on the little river that flowed through the meadow behind the house, and we glided back and forth on the white ice until the sun had set and the trees looked like giant spectres.

He was so upset over an accident (which had occurred to me while tobogganing) that he was constantly concerned with schemes to cheer me up and help the time to pass. Among other pleasant surprises, he arranged to have one hundred valentines sent to me on St. Valentine's Day. It was one of the biggest events of my entire childhood, for I had always loved pictures, and here they were showered upon me so fast that hardly had I finished exclaiming over the gay colors of one before another dropped into my lap!

Not infrequently we awoke to find the many trees behind our house one mass of dazzling ice. Each branch and twig glistened in the sunlight and absorbed the attention of the entire family. Father would sit by the hour watching the bewildering miracles of little ice-pictures. And often I saw tears come to his eyes, for great beauty overwhelmed and moved him.

I SHALL never forget the royal preparations for Christmas in our home. At that time I appreciated everything only as a thrilling experience that made up for trials endured during school hours. How could any one individual buy, wrap up and expedite so many presents for one single day in the year as my mother did? Presents for the family, for the servants, for poor children

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and their parents, for friends abroad, for the sick and insane.

The work began many weeks before the holiday. Even so, there seemed always to be a rush at the end. A room we called the "mahogany room" (because the furniture and parts of the walls were of this wood) was used for the storing of gifts and wrapping of packages. Mother had a German talent for thoroughness in any task she undertook. Yet in spite of her time-saving system the labor of this annual job occupied many hours of her day for several weeks. If she could not be found anywhere in the house, one might guess that she was busy in the mahogany room writing lists of names and trying to determine the needs or wishes of each individual. Her energy and patience were incredible. Father did not approve of her doing so much long-sustained work, because he always worried about her health. But the Christmas complications seemed to increase rather than decrease as the years went on, and I remember his saying many times after he lost his money and we left for Europe in order to live cheaply: "I am glad for one reason that financial losses have struck us! Your mother will have to give up that infernal Christmas-suicide."

When Christmas eve arrived at last, we children hung up our stockings in the school-room which was next our nursery and did it with great ceremony. Mother recited the welcome little poem, "T'was the night before Christmas, when all through the house," etc. Father sometimes dressed up as Santa Claus, and after running about a dimly lighted room (we always turned the gas down low), trying to warm himself after the cold sleigh-drive through the snow, he sat down and told some of his experiences on the way.

His little talk usually ended with words something like these: "As I often lose the letters I receive, or get them mixed up, I may have confused all your wishes, so that the stocking which should have bulged out with a donkey's head may be depressed by a hair-ribbon. Therefore, I should like to gather up your thanks now, as you may not feel like giving me any after Christmas. Anyway I shall be gone then."

We all squealed, "Thank you, thank you, Santa Claus, for the things we hope to like!" and then after a short game of tag Father ran away to remove his cotton beard and red coat.

One of our cats, sarcastically named "Apollinaris," was always dressed up in bows and invited in while we pinned up our stockings. He brought a certain balance of temperament with him that was very much needed. His Oriental calm kept us from bursting with excitement.

My sisters and I were obliged to retire at an early hour every evening, not excepting Christmas Eve. Therefore, by eight o'clock we were in bed launched on a long night of wakefulness, while Mother started on a night of work down in the mahogany room. Two of us, Jean and I, slept in the nursery, and my elder sister, Susy, occupied a little blue room adjoining. But on Christmas Eve, Susy crept

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into bed with me and we listened for the mysterious sounds that would betray the presence of fairies in the school-room.

"Ah, there they are!" Rattling paper, subdued voices. A dull thud; something falls. "I wonder what it is! I do hope it isn't broken. Oh, Susy, listen to that heavy thing. They are dragging it across the floor. What on earth can it be? I'll die, if I can't find out soon. How many hours yet? If only we could sleep!"

As a matter of fact we should have been tired enough to sleep, for the day before Christmas was always spent in a very strenuous way by my sisters and me. We drove around with the coachman while he delivered some of the Christmas packages that went to the poor. Great baskets with the feet of turkeys protruding below blankets of flowers and fruit. Wrapped up in mufflers and snugly tucked in a fur robe, we children drove far out into the country in an open sleigh, tingling with delight at the sound of the bells. We absorbed the beauty and charm of such a winter's day, and could never get too much of the crisp air that seemed to sparkle through the rapid pace of the horses over the soft white ground.

Finally all became still in the school-room. The fairies must have gone. Not a sound. The forms left behind motionless, speechless. Are they pretty? Are they useful? Shall we love them?

By and by, Susy whispers to me, "Let's take one little peek through the door. With a tiny bit of light from the bathroom we can get an idea of the shapes without seeing anything."

It didn't take me long to say, "Yes."

Opening the door a few inches, and by means of a dim ray of light we saw —

"Oh, dear, shut the door quick! We must not look, that's wicked! What do you suppose that huge black thing can be? It seems to fill the room! Come, let's try to go to sleep." Of course, that was impossible.

Eventually six o'clock came and we rang for the nurse to build a fire in the school-room, and help us dress with as little washing as possible. Now the door opens wide! The great moment of revealed mysteries has arrived. Joy blazes supreme in that Christmas room, and natural instinct tells us to hold that first moment a little longer. Stop and gaze at the beauty of the unknown in undefined shapes and delicate tints. Do not roughen it with more intimate knowledge.

But, at last, each makes a rush for her own table, scattering ribbons, papers and ejaculations with vehement thanks. Think of it. The big object seeming to fill the centre of the room turned out to be a lovely upright piano. Could it be true? Once I had said to my parents, "How wonderful it must be to be able to play on the piano. Do girls ever play?" And here was a real live piano in front of my eyes, and I was only six years old.

Father and Mother always rose very late on Christmas morning, having spent most of the night up. So we were well acquainted with our presents, and had even written several letters of thanks, before our parents appeared. They inspected

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their gifts, which were down in the drawing room, and callers from the neighborhood began to arrive.

Father always drew a sigh of relief when the holidays were over, for the reason that they included social festivities which were sometimes a burden to him, particularly if he happened to be in the mood of writing; and this mood, he was wont to declare, always attacked him when some "mentally dead people brought their corpses with them on a long visit."

EVERY member of our family was provided with a healthy temper, but none of us possessed one comparable to the regal proportions of Father's. It shone with the light of his genius. I can not state, however, that he always stopped to consider his temper from an artistic angle. By no means! Frequently a cuff-button could start the conflagration. He almost never permitted his wrath to rise toward my mother. Her unselfish, tender nature — combined with a complete understanding, both intellectual and human, of her husband — naturally fed his impulse to kneel in love and reverence before her.

Father had no faith in any orthodox religion, but to please Mother he frequently accompanied her to church and tried to listen to the service, even though he did not take part in it. His intimate friend, Joseph Twichell, was our clergyman and I remember feeling deeply embarrassed once when father said to Mr. Twichell, "Joe, that's a clever trick of yours to pound the pulpit extra hard when you haven't anything to say."

I thought Mr. Twichell would show embarrassment, but to my surprise he laughed quite loud and replied, "Mark, it was clever of you to discover it."

As a rule Father avoided exercise out of doors. Whatever walking he did was confined to his billiard-room study, where he spent most of the day at his desk or, between times, knocking billiard balls about. The billiard room was on the third floor, where, as Father once explained to a caller, he "could do all the swearing he wanted to, when the butler brought in visiting-cards on a tray as if he were serving the Eucharist." This unexpected speech to the caller seemed however to have no depressing effect on the atmosphere. Instead, everyone laughed, and mother expostulated, "Youth!"

There was a large balcony off the billiard-room, leaning right into the tops of the trees. Sometimes Father hid there when he thought he heard someone coming. "Nothing can surpass the power of delicate leaves," he used to say, "to protect one against the evil decrees of a colored butler."

OUR butler, George, was colored and full of personality. He had come one day to wash windows and remained for fifteen years as a butler. Everyone in the family liked him, although the only time he looked after anyone's needs at the table was when a large company of guests were invited to dine. On such occasions, he could rise to great heights of professional service and throb with feverish excitement, as if he were acting a big rôle on the stage. But when members of the family were seated alone at table, he preferred listening

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to the conversation to passing food. He explained that the intellectual inspiration he received in the dining room saved him from the bad effects of life in the inferior atmosphere of the kitchen. Often did we hear a prompt laugh filling the room from a dark figure at ease against the wall, before the rest of us at table had expressed our amusement at one of Father's remarks. George was a great addition to the family and afforded Father almost as much amusement as Father did George.

IT HAPPENED that a few times Father told the same story on various occasions when guests were dining at the house, and my sisters and I had calculated that it happened each time when the meal was about half over. So we used to announce to each other, "Father is telling the beggar story; they must have reached the meat course." When he discovered that his children were taking their turn at having jokes about him, he laughed as much as if we had been very witty.

Now and again Father entertained us at dinner — when no guests were present — by relating the contents of books he was reading, such as *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Arabian Nights*, or sea stories. More than once I wondered how Father could think, talk and eat all at once in so vehement a manner.

His brain was so active that he never seemed physically tired. After a day filled with business problems, literary work, and fatiguing visits, he arrived at the dinner table as full of life and vigor as though he had just started the day.

Sometimes, on evenings when Father and Mother returned from New York and the weather was bitterly cold, George served supper for them on a small table in front of the fire in the library. My sisters and I sat nearby, eager for news from the metropolis (so we said to ourselves), but fundamentally anxious to discover whether any interesting present would be produced. Once father drew from his pocket two little silver watches, one for Susy and one for me. Susy poured out streams of words expressing her delight, but I stood dumb, staring at my father. Such a thrill of rapture rushed down my spine that I could not speak. Finally he said, addressing me by a pet name he often used, "Well, Bay, are you disappointed?"

"Oh, no! But it is too beautiful!"

"It won't be in a few days," he answered with twinkling eyes.

THE major part of Father's work was accomplished in the summer, which we spent with my Mother's sister, Mrs. Theodore Crane. She lived on the top of a long hill overlooking Elmira, N. Y. The place was called Quarry Farm, and was a heavenly spot. On a sunny day one could see the Chemung River sparkling far below as it wound its way through the town of Elmira, nestled cosily between the hills surrounding it. There was a small rise of ground at the summit of the main hill, stretching off to one side like an extra branch to a tree. Halfway up this elevation stood the little octagonal cottage in which father did all his writing. One reached it by a winding path and a climb of twenty stone steps. It was a charming sort of Peter Pan house, covered with ivy

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and surrounded by beautiful wild flowers and morning-glories. Through the tops of the trees an aperture had been made so that Father could enjoy the view of Elmira and the hills beyond — an inspiring place for creative work. In spite of the eight good-sized windows, the air was so permeated with tobacco smoke that it was almost stifling to one unused to it. Father seemed to thrive on it, notwithstanding, and in fact the less he followed the good advice of physicians the better he seemed to feel. No exercise, little fresh air, constant inhaling of cigar smoke — all contributed to keep him in good health.

Once settled on the farm for the summer, he had no desire to leave it for even a short visit to town. He was devoted to some of Mother's friends and relatives there, but he very much preferred their coming to see him on the hill to paying them calls in the valley. There was a fascination about the peace of the place that worked like a spell. Usually he went to his study at about ten o'clock in the morning and remained until five in the afternoon, seldom taking anything to eat or drink in the middle of the day.

We dined at six o'clock, and the evening was spent in various ways. Often Father read aloud to the whole family the work he had accomplished during the day. Again he and Theodore Crane, his brother-in-law, played games, either chess or cards, while Mother read aloud to the rest of us. No matter how engrossed Father might appear to be in the game he was playing, he managed to hear enough of the reading to throw out very humorous criticisms of the author's style, particularly if the author happened to be Meredith (whom he thought too wordy) or Jane Austen, a pet aversion of his.

Pleasure was something Father was never able to feign in any situation, either among artists desiring praise, or kindly hosts trying to give him "a good time." From this sincere instinct he suffered all his life, but he was innately humble in his relations with those whom he knew to be worthy of admiration or respect.

Although his pet animals were the cats and kittens, to which he gave much attention, he was greatly interested in our various experiences with the more important four-footed animals, and even offered to lend a hand when the donkeys were obstreperous. In one particular case, the larger donkey, "Kadichan" (named after the delightful book *Adventures with a Donkey*), made a ten-strike. The only way my sisters and I had ever succeeded in forcing the animal to go was for one to sit on him while the other walked ahead with a bag of crackers just out of reach of his nose. Of course, this meant a lot of discussion as to whose "turn" it was to walk with the crackers, particularly on a very hot day.

Father had been listening to our arguments from the porch, when he suddenly joined us with one hundred per cent determination in his eye.

"I'll make that creature do his work," he said in a tone that sounded almost like a boast, and up he sat in the saddle with one jerk of his body. But Kadichan moved one great ear forward in visible protest and, dropping his head as he raised

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his hind legs ever so little, he deposited my father in the long grass in front of him. The whole transaction lasted only a second, but Fathers' bewildered expression of face, as he lay on his back in the grass, engraved an indelible picture in our minds. A donkey had gotten the best of our father! We giggled ourselves to sleep that night and Father was in good spirits, too. He said he was "more attracted to the donkey than ever before, because the ability to accompany an act of vengeance with so much art and serenity proved the animal to be superhuman."

On a Child Who Wept at My Departure

By William Soutar

I, all unworthy of this childish grief
Which brings but tears as its interpreter,
Grow also dumb and have no words to cheer
The mind that wanteth speech for its relief:
Dumb and asham'd as claimant of love's fief
From sorrow, and my service made to her
By innocence from whom I needs must bear
This tearful kiss in silence like a thief.
O! child thy anguish is not thine alone
But beat against man's mind ere he could quell
His brutish tongue to utterance: 'tis a moan
Of inarticulate sorrow, knell on knell,
That cries, from out thy travail, earth's unknown
And immemorial moments of farewell.

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New Jersey Wakes Up

By James Kerney

Old Party Lines Have Been Discarded

Once more the political gaze of the entire country is fixed on New Jersey. Just twenty years ago Woodrow Wilson, following his rebellion at Princeton University, was giving America a thrill by his spectacular boss-smashing canvass for Governor. This year, Dwight Whitney Morrow, apostle of tolerance, is the attraction.

Both came to New Jersey from the Southland. Wilson was born in Virginia; Morrow in West Virginia. In each was a strain of sturdy, pioneering Irish stock. They were well-born — but frugally, as was the custom of the times. Wilson's father once attained a maximum of eight hundred dollars a year as a clergyman; the senior Morrow, entering the more lucrative professorial calling, reared five children on an income that ultimately mounted to twenty-four hundred dollars annually. Being old-fashioned Presbyterians, they were temperance people, but not Prohibitionists.

They believed in educating the boys. Woodrow Wilson somehow managed to make his way leisurely through various colleges until he became a professor at twenty-eight. Within a relatively short time he was President of Princeton and another brief period found him the restless preaching crusader that eventually became President of the United States.

Dwight Morrow worked his way through college and law school and finally got himself a clerkship with a New York law firm. There came a day when he might have been President of Yale. In the matter of achievement in contemporary public affairs of great moment he would be among the few at the very top of any list of living Americans. Yet when Wilson became Governor of New Jersey twenty years ago, Morrow was little known save as a "comer" in the legal profession, where he had already attained well-merited distinction.

The political atmosphere of New Jersey today is not unlike that of twenty years ago. The voters are weary of jaded fustian. They are tired of bunk and meaningless ballyhoo. Party lines are once more on the loose. Serious-minded people are sick of the hypocrisy and frayed bombast of the professional Wets and super-Drys. When Dwight Morrow, in opening his primary campaign, declared that he believed the best

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solution of the liquor problem was the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the return of control to the States, he scrapped the New Jersey Democracy. It was the one and only paramount issue the Democrats had. New Jersey is normally strongly Republican. In Presidential elections the State is good for anything up to four hundred thousand plurality for the Republicans. But in off years the Democrats have been able repeatedly to elect Governors on the wet issue. They once elected a Democratic United States Senator because he was supposed to have said he "would make New Jersey as wet as the Atlantic." The sentence originated with a clever publicity man, but it stuck.

NEW JERSEY is not any wetter now than it has ever been. Perhaps it couldn't be. But, in all fairness to the old home grounds, I can say that I have been pretty well over these United States since Prohibition was adopted, and — from what I hear, of course — it is just as easy to buy liquor in California or Alabama or Illinois or New York as it is in Pennsylvania or New Jersey. Florida, like so many dry States, is in a class by itself. The enormous evil seems to be that where one licensed saloon existed in the olden days ten depraved speakeasies and lawless smoke-shops now flourish. The philosophy of the dry zealots is curious. The Rev. Dr. Shields, State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in New Jersey, publicly declared recently: "I have much more respect for the man who drinks wet and votes dry, than for the man who drinks dry and votes wet."

This inconsistent attitude is not uncommon. During the primary campaign, Morrow visited one of the arid small villages of South Jersey, where the Anti-Saloon League was supposedly all-powerful. The Republican leader, who also happened to be president of the community bank, expressed regret at not being able to vote for Morrow, who was just the kind of eminent citizen the banker felt should be running the Government. But the Morrow stand on the Eighteenth Amendment was fatal. The bank president was the dry leader of the community and it was a matter of principle with him. However, being a sociable chap, he invited Morrow and Douglas Thompson, the Morrow campaign manager, to his home — quite the outstanding house in the town. Producing a decanter and tray of glasses, the bank president proffered the hospitality of "some good old Bourbon that has been amply tested." When Morrow explained that his campaign manager was a confirmed teetotaler and that he likewise was observing the noble experiment, the village banker poured himself a bountiful draught which he neatly polished off.

"He is the Dry and we are the Wets," chuckled Morrow in a whisper to Thompson as they left the banker's home.

MORROW'S campaign methods are a refreshing novelty. He likes the crowds and he likes to chat in a neighborly fashion. He is gracious, hospitable and courteous — "the highest type of Christian gentleman," they call him up in his own neck of the woods. He did not seek the Senatorship and he probably

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would not be very greatly disappointed if he failed of election. Everywhere he goes he preaches the same doctrine. Tolerance! Tolerance! Neighborliness, kindliness — that's all. He even refuses to get indignant at the fanatical Drys, who sometimes say pretty mean things and try to label him as an advocate of the saloon and a decoy of the liquor interests. When he took on the job of ending the bitterness with Mexico, he decided he would never go back into either law or banking. His desire is to be of service to America. He believes methods that work well in honorable big business will work just as well in public affairs. He is fifty-seven years old, with no crowding personal or political ambitions; has abundant means, good health, a fine home life, and Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., for a grandson. He should worry!

It is the wholly unregulated liquor traffic that has grown up under Prohibition that bothers Morrow. He regards the problem as governmental, and frankly believes that the old system of State control is better than the existing system of Federal control — or rather lack of it. That's all. He is not a miracle worker. He would like to see the churches and the schools and the social workers all engaged in an old-fashioned temperance movement to give battle to the world-old liquor problem. All over the State, among sane-thinking people, Morrow has aroused a realization of the governmental error and the evil effects of constitutional prohibition. His is the task of pointing a way to a wise and statesmanlike solution of a vexing problem, which, until it is settled rationally, will subordinate all other social, economic and governmental problems.

Back of him in the fight are arrayed such outstanding New Jersey educational leaders as President John Grier Hibben of Princeton, and Dr. Mather A. Abbott, Headmaster of Lawrenceville. Both are in the open, helping wage the Morrow battle as the hopeful way of saving the youth of the land. Likewise on every hand are Democrats who see in him "New Jersey's Opportunity." At the primary election, he received many Democratic votes. Dr. Shields, chief of the Anti-Saloon League, pointed the way. In desperation, Dr. Shields had begged Democratic Drys to go to the polls and vote against Morrow. Under the State's primary law, voters who failed to vote at the preceding general election, might vote in either primary box. That sort of thing has not hitherto been regarded as just the respectable thing for upstanding citizens to do. But when Dr. Shields issued his urgent appeal to Democratic Drys, it resulted in many Democrats, dry and otherwise, finding their way to the Republican primary boxes to cast a vote for Morrow.

It would be idle to accredit the enormous Morrow vote at the primary to the Prohibition issue alone. Nor is it altogether easy to place a finger upon the precise factors responsible for the tremendous appeal he has to the electorate. His prowess in the realm of finance is important, but it scarcely tells the story. His international achievements are outstanding, but even they do not provide a complete picture. His person-

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ality is undeniably attractive, his intellectual quality beyond question, his public-spiritedness proved in action many times. None of these traits, however, is enough to serve as an explanation of the overwhelming approval which was given the announcement early this year that Morrow would stand for election to the United States Senate.

PERHAPS it is the total impression made by the man and his record which must be taken as the reason for this unprecedented wave of popular support, a wave which has increased in volume and onward rush ever since Morrow stumped the State in his remarkably successful Senatorial primary campaign.

When New Jersey voters go to the polls in November, at any rate, they will go endowed with a hopeful spirit which has not featured a State election in many a day. Morrow is to them a symbol of political salvation. He inspires faith and confidence.

The election will mean the localizing of Morrow. Up to this time he has been primarily a national and international figure. He has lived for more than a quarter of a century in Englewood. But it must be admitted that his New Jersey status was not widely recognized. He was a citizen of America and of the world rather than of New Jersey.

Not that Morrow neglected civic obligations. Far from it. He has contributed a great deal of time, effort and money to the promotion of worth while philanthropic movements in Englewood. He has headed large charitable organizations. He has helped build local hospitals, libraries and the like. As for the State at large, Morrow did excellent and tireless work in connection with formulation of New Jersey's original Workman's Compensation Law. He served with vigor and intelligence on the State Board of Charities and Correction and on the Prison Board. He headed a prison inquiry commission which laid down the broad lines of a penal system in such a way as to create a guide still being followed today.

When his Senatorial primary campaign was launched last spring, Morrow had little political background. Least of all did he have any conception of the New Jersey political scene. In this respect, he was not unlike Woodrow Wilson at the time of resigning as President of Princeton to undertake his New Jersey Gubernatorial campaign.

MORROW, however, proved to be even more adaptable than Wilson. He capitalized existing leadership. He did not hesitate to mix with people and greet "the boys." He campaigned throughout the length and breadth of the State with a good humor and geniality of temperament which made hosts of friends wherever he appeared. Workingmen, professional people, high-brows and brows not so high soon came to see in Morrow precisely the courageous public man they had been hungering to support.

This localization of Morrow is destined to be carried to still greater heights in the approaching election. When the Senatorial campaign is completed, and victory secured, he will be the dominant and outstanding political personality in his party in the State. New Jersey rightly looks

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upon the Morrow candidacy, therefore, as a real opportunity to get something better than mediocre leadership. The spreading conviction is that, with Morrow in the United States Senate, the State will enjoy a quality of political prestige and representation of the first magnitude.

One of the shafts commonly directed against Morrow is that he is the beneficiary of some political organizations in command of questionable leaders. That is true. It has always been true throughout the political history of the country. It was true during the period when Wilson was emerging as a partisan force of national proportions. It would be the height of folly for Morrow not to make use of existing county organizations.

But what of the opposition? Mayor Frank Hague, of Jersey City, overlord of the New Jersey Democracy, has consented to allow State Senator Alexander Simpson, of Hudson County, to make the forlorn race. Hague is a clever politician, who knows when to discard. Simpson, agile of mind and with a bitter tongue, has been weaving his way in and out of the State legislature for thirty-five years. An artful demagogue, he has left no lasting impress, other than a reputation for reckless speech. Stripped of the Prohibition issue, Simpson has shifted to the Morrow connection with J. P. Morgan. His chief argument is that the press of the country is controlled by Morgan; otherwise there would not be such unanimous newspaper praise of Morrow. This too, despite the fact that leaders of Democratic opinion, like *The New York World* and *The Baltimore Sun*, are among the foremost advocates of putting Morrow into the Senate. All of the independent newspapers of New Jersey that took up the cudgels for Wilson are enthusiastic about Morrow.

For several years, the State has been suffering from a dearth of genuinely progressive, vital leadership. Statesmanlike direction of governmental affairs has been conspicuous by its absence. The exigencies of practical politics, with the liquor issue dominating, have prevailed. It is to Morrow that the people are looking for the opportunity to help bring about the dawn of a better day. Calvin Coolidge, not given to extravagant praise, has said of Morrow:

> I first met him as the representative of the great mass of our fellow-citizens which we call the people. There he will always remain, just as one of them, unencumbered by his property, thinking their thoughts, working tremendously for their success. I have seen him develop into a ripe scholar, an able lawyer, a great business man, a wise statesman and a devoted husband, father and patriot. . . . It is the glory of the United States that it can produce such citizens.

As for the probable outcome of the election in terms of actual votes, a survey of recent results at the Jersey polls is revealing. The State is unmistakably Republican. Nothing short of a party split or an out-and-out political miracle could swing a campaign, in which there was a real demonstration of popular interest, in favor of the Democrats.

Presidential votes in the last three elections have been as follows: in 1920 — Harding, 611,541; Cox, 256,887; in 1924 — Coolidge, 675,162; Davis, 297,743; in 1928 — Hoover, 925,796; Smith, 616,517. These figures show

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a fairly steady Republican plurality of more than 300,000; a virtual certainty in normal Presidential years.

There is no reason why the Morrow candidacy should not attract a vote comparable to those of Presidential campaigns. In the primary contest, Morrow defeated his Republican opponents, Fort and Frelinghuysen, by a plurality of more than 300,000 and by an overwhelming majority of the votes cast.

The November election should find Morrow enjoying the support of virtually the entire registered Republican vote and at least one-third of the registered Democratic vote. At the present writing, it is fairly safe to assume that there will be a Morrow landslide of approximately half a million majority. Simpson will do well if he carries Hudson County — New Jersey's Democratic Gibraltar.

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The Return of Achmed

By Donald McGibeny

A Tale of Revenge in the Oriental Manner

Achmed carefully turned the dripping spit of goat's meat over the small fire he had built of stolen coals, just outside the door of Zizi-Hannun's coffee-house. It had been a good day for Achmed — two piastres for fetching Shevket Pasha's horse; one piastre for washing lettuce and cucumbers; three piastres, forty paras, for carrying hot coals to light the bubbling *narghiles* — best of all, thirteen piastres, twenty paras, for his story-telling.

Over the Bay of St. George, where the Christian Prince was said to have battled a dragon, the setting sun painted the cloud layers in gorgeous tints. It was one of those unbelievable phenomena of the Near East, which, translated to canvas, would be labelled modernistic, drunken, unreal. Achmed, son of Syria, turned his spit and sat contemplating the green, purple, red, gold and light blue of the glorious sunset. His thoughts drifted in the direction of money — how much he could save — how much he must spend — three *bisheliks* to blind Aba Zumrun, his nurse since childhood, for the olives and sour milk of their daily diet — seven *metalliks* to Abu Yah-Yah — a glass of *gazooz* for the corner policeman to leave him in peace —

He turned the spit again and hummed a song as he realized with relish that the meat was done. Lifting it off the fire with the hem of his single garment — a tattered, torn *jelaba* of ancient make — he carefully blew on the meat, tempting his already ravenous appetite with the smell of crisp lamb-fat. He was about to take the first mouthful, when, directly over his head, he heard a limpid, soft voice that reached inside his breast and turned his heart over gently, as it sang:

Gorge not — though thy fill thou wouldst partake —
Too large an appetite, too oft, is hard to slake.

Achmed looked up. The heated spit burned his fingers unnoticed. On the little balcony, almost within arm reach, stood Mahricka — blessed of the blessed, moon of the desert, love-flower, the night-star and special beloved of Zizi-Hannun. She was looking at the setting sun as if giving it her good wishes and approval. One bare arm was placed against a cornice, the silken sleeve fallen back almost to the shoulder.

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She sang softly to herself, yet Achmed knew she had been conscious of his own singing. He rose slowly, as a man rises to catch a butterfly. The spit of meat dropped into the dusty road. His heart was in his eyes as his gaze caressed her beauty. Slowly, cautiously, as a father approaches the couch of his wife for a first view of his new-born babe, Achmed approached the balcony. When he was within a few feet, Mahricka dropped her kohl-rimmed eyes, with their long lashes, to stare vaguely, contemptuously at the youth, who was putting his dust-grimed hands near her slippers of jade and gold. He reached upward, with disheartened hopefulness — like a peasant, praying to an ikon.

"MAHR-ICKA!" came like a sigh from Achmed's parched throat, as he lowered his hands and gripped the ledge of the little balcony. He put a faltering, tentative hand through the interstices of the rail and slid it closer to her slipper. Mahricka stood quite still. She looked down with quiet, derisive eyes. Achmed's hand slid onward until he touched the heel with the tip of his finger; his rapt gaze on her scornful, beautiful face.

"Ah! — Mahricka — a —!"

It was the despairing sob of a soul in torment.

"Ah-h! — Ma-ah-ri-cka-a-a-a!!!" she mocked, running a little trill up and down with her voice. With malice, she stamped hard on his fingers. "Best be off, fly-catcher, before thy dog-mother comes to bark at my heels."

Achmed winced with pain, but nursed his bruised fingers behind his back where she could not see. He slowly started to turn away, still keeping his love-sick, reproachful eyes on her. Mahricka waited until he was several feet away, then called:

"Whither goest thou, brave fool? To tend thy goats?"

"Hush thy prattle," he said as he took a quick step forward, "thou plaything of men! My father spat on thy father's father when he carried thee from the dung-heap on which thou wast born. My father was a man!"

MAHRICKA'S eyes grew wide with rage and amazement. The boy spoke as a prince of the blood. His look, as he stood there, frightened her. Too often, the Turkish police played tricks — dressed their informers in rags. She dropped her arm and took a step forward that brought her to the very edge of the balcony. She leaned down to study his upturned face. A frown disturbed the smoothness of her brow.

"Ah! Thou art the one who —"

The world seemed to swing slowly, as Achmed gripped the balcony ledge, drowning his soul in her dark eyes.

"The one — who — ?" he faltered.

"The one who was the story-teller this afternoon —"

"It was I," said Achmed, simply. He scraped his bare foot in the dirt — an elaborate *aleph*, for luck. "It pleased thee?"

"'Twas not badly done — for a beginner." Her eyes were smiling down at him with lazy mockery.

Achmed, wrenching his eyes away and quieting the beating of his pulse, assumed the nonchalant impudence

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of the true-born entertainer, as he again embarked upon the telling of a tale of Salah-Din, the Great, the Glorious.

Mahricka's eyes widened with pleasure. Truly, the youth had talent. No ordinary street-gamin talked like that.

"Know then," Achmed resumed, "there was a day when Salah-Din, Prince of the Universe and Sword of the Prophet, glory to his name, was wearied from killing the Infidel. Ten thousand had he slain with his own hand between the rising and the setting of the sun —"

THE thirty piece girl orchestra — eight of whom had instruments that really played — started the off-key march that ushered in the evening programme at the Café Nahr-el-Kelb. Mahricka glanced over her shoulder.

"Speak quickly! The music hath commenced."

Achmed lifted his eyes to the darkening sky, frowning with annoyance.

"Two things God hath made that never cease wagging — the tail of a dog and the tongue of a woman. I shall tell my story as thou wouldst have it — neither too short nor too long — and thou shalt listen to me — even though that short-nosed, scrofulous camel of a Zizi-Hannun should come, himself, to claim thee —"

Mahricka gave a pleased little "Hou —!" of appreciation. Leaning lower, she drew his eyes to her as she murmured:

"Continue — my prince of men —!"

Achmed glanced up from time to time to see if the girl approved of his tale-telling. There was a smile on her lips and a warmth in her gaze that showed he was succeeding beyond expectations. Finally the listener dropped her hand to touch the cheek of the brown-skinned, black-eyed youth. Her laugh would have delighted the soul of a saint.

"Never was the story better told! A master story-teller, thou," she cooed softly. "Thou shalt be named in the bazaars before thou hast a beard."

THE laughter died out of the boy's eyes. In its place came the pain and tender yearning of adolescence. He slid his arms through the balcony and gripped Mahricka by the ankles. So fierce was the clutch, Mahricka was unable to move, even when she heard, behind her, the soft, slippered step of Zizi-Hannun and his fat, puffing exhalations.

"Ah! — Mah-ricka!" Achmed entreated in a voice trembling with love-sickness, "do not let me suffer so —!"

His hot hands slipped upward along the silken calves. Mahricka jerked free; leaned quickly over the balustrade and slapped him hard across the cheek — spit in his face — stamped her slippered foot.

"Dog-spittle! Sickly calf of a dead cow! I spit on thee!"

She ran crying into the protection of Zizi-Hannun's fat arms.

"That he should dare defile me with his filthy paws. A street urchin — a goatherd — a pariah, no less. Thy love flower hath been made unclean —"

Zizi-Hannun was wise in the ways of women, for he had known many, many girls. He was unimpressed by Mahricka's hysterical weeping.

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"What is this? What is this?" he bleated like a goat.

"I had come out for a breath of the evening air — when he appeared at my feet —" Mahricka pointed to Achmed "— begging alms. When I neared him to drop a coin of pity into his dirty hand, he gripped my ankles, as though he would carry me away to the rat's nest where he lives. He would have taken me had I not beat him off — and called for thee —"

She was trembling with simulated rage. Tears were in her voice and on her dark lashes as she caressed the greasy rolls of fat at the back of Zizi-Hannun's neck. Seeing that he still disbelieved, cold fear began to grip Mahricka's heart — fear of the whip that hurts so terribly yet does not mark, reserved for girls who displeased or disobeyed the café owner. Suddenly running to the rail again, she spat once more at the dark shadow with the white face that was Achmed.

"I would have thee torn to bits — thou dog and son of a dog!! I would have thee boiled in oil —thou scum!"

THERE was nothing simulated about her anger now. Her very real fear gave venom to her tone. She hated the scrubby youth who had succeeded in betraying her into such a situation. Her voice rose shrilly as she turned back to Zizi-Hannun, the epitome of woe.

"And thou — who hast said thou lovest me — thou wilt do nothing to avenge me — ?"

Zizi-Hannun waddled forward.

"I have other affairs more important than crushing flies."

"He is thy servant."

"My —— ?"

Now, Zizi-Hannun was interested. Only too often he had been troubled by flirtations between his waiters and his girls. One could not be too careful. It displeased the customers and gave the place a bad name.

"The boy who sat in Zaglul's place this afternoon — the very same — " Mahricka panted.

ACHMED was gone. With the fleetness of a deer, he sped down the road through the darkening night. So blind was his rage at the treachery of Mahricka that he was almost run over by a carriage as he came to the first cross street. Unmindful of the slashing whip of the driver that caught him across the shoulders, he ran on — dodging in and out of traffic — jostling pedestrians — his heart pounding — his throat dry — the blood throbbing in his temples. Through the *fondaks*, where camels crouched and snarled and fierce-eyed desert men sat round their tiny fires; through the emptying bazaars, where the slimy mud of the wet cobbles tried to trip him and where his hurry might easily rouse the cry of "Thief!" Achmed ran — nor stopped for breath until he had dodged into a garbage-filled, stinking alley and entered the black interior of an airless room, let into the side of a crumbling wall. With a sob that racked his thin body, he stumbled to a corner and threw himself, face down, on a pile of old rags and fetid straw.

"Is it thou, my son?" a thin, quavering voice came from the corner.

For a moment, Achmed made no answer, biting his fist to keep from squalling his rage and pain — fight-

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ing for breath against the sobs that clutched at his parched throat like the grip of a bony hand.

"Who is it — that comes like a thief — to disturb one, afflicted by Allah with blindness — ?" Aba Zumrun's aged voice grew thin and shrill with fear.

"It is I — mother Zumrun," Achmed panted.

"Aie! — Aie! — Aie!" Zumrun cried with happiness as she lifted herself painfully from the corner and felt her way across the room. "My lion! — my eagle! — light of my years! — thou hast not, then, forgotten thy mother? For three days I have listened for thy step — "

She knelt beside him and passed her trembling hands over his body, as if to reassure herself that no harm had come to him.

"But — but — what is it, my son? — my life? Thou art shaking as if with fever — and thy head is hot and wet with running — "

A sharp note of terror came into her voice.

"It is not the police? Not they — again?"

"No! — no! Not the police," Achmed moaned into his arm.

"Then what — my son — tell thy ancient nurse, whose every breath is for thee! What troubleth thee?"

FOR many minutes Achmed lay rolling his head slowly from side to side, nor would answer any of her questions until she started to get him food. Then he sat up and gripped her thin arm with such strength that she could hardly suck back a little moan of pain.

"It is not food, I want — nor drink — nor anything that thou canst get for me, mother Zumrun. I am in love — I tell thee — "

Zumrun, in spite of the clutch on her arm, gave a cry of apprehension.

"I am in love," continued the boy in a shaking whisper, "with one who is not fit to kiss the dust beneath thy feet — a thing — a daughter of joy."

Zumrun clucked with her tongue softly as she listened to Achmed lash himself into a new fury.

"She gives herself to those who pay — that flower — that moon — whether they be fat or lean — young or old — whole or halt. And I am in love with her, I tell thee — so that my blood runs fire and my bowels are turned to water. And she — that thing — that scabby gutter in which all men may spit — has scorned me with her tongue and slapped me with her hand and spit upon my face. You hear! She has done these things to *me* — the son of my father!"

HE PULLED Zumrun close to him; the grip tightening on her arm as he put his mouth close to her ear.

"Get my father's wedding garments, Zumrun! This night I shall be rich if my belly cleave to my backbone for the rest of my days!"

"No! no! What are you saying?" cried Zumrun.

"My father's wedding-garments. All that I have left of his. I command it! Tonight, I say, I shall be rich, if my belly cleave to my backbone for the rest of my days. *Insballah!*"

"No! — No! — No!" Zumrun wailed, holding to him with one hand as she beat her withered breasts with the other. "Thy father's enemies are everywhere — they who killed him and thy mother and who sold thy sisters to the Kurds. Thou

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art his very spit and image. Only in thy rags art thou safe — "

"I have spoken!" Achmed railed. "Hush thy silly woman's wailing and do exactly as I say — or I shall leave thee in thy blindness. I swear it."

Moaning to herself, Zumrun obeyed — lighted the tiny rush lamp, whose drop of precious oil was only burned on state occasions; heated water over the fire to bathe the coat of grime from Achmed's face and hands and feet. From a hollow under the dirty, matted straw and rags of Achmed's bed, they lifted the precious, inlaid box — the lad's sole heritage; unwrapped its many coverings, unlocked the cunningly concealed locks, and drew out with reverent hands the silver and gold encrusted wedding-garments of Haddad Bey, murdered officially by his brothers in their contest for power.

When his newly-cleansed young body had been rubbed with sweet-smelling oil from the small bottle at the bottom of the chest and he had donned the white garments of heavy, rich cloth — even to the folded headcloth, held in place by rings of horse-hair and gold, Aba Zumrun ran her bony hands over his features, while tears oozed from beneath the shrunken, shapeless lids of her sightless eyes.

"I see thee — as thou art — and as he was. Ayah! — Ayah! Thou art the very spit and image of thy father — and as he would not listen to the pleading of thy mother — that night of darkest hell — "

"Have done!" Achmed said harshly, afraid the sight and sound of her wretchedness would weaken him. "I am my father's son, as thou sayest. I fear neither his enemies nor mine own. What is to be, is to be!"

His final gesture was to slip into his waist-band a dagger, the blade of which was the finest Damascene steel, inlaid with gold.

* * *

Abu Zahli, chief factotum and right-hand man of Zizi-Hannun, greeted the handsome youth in the white burnoose with the particular intake of the breath he reserved for very special customers. He kissed his hand and touched it to forehead, lips and heart, bowing low and repeating the age-old formula of "well-come and welcome."

"A desert-man," he mentally commented, noting the manner in which the boy veiled his face with the head-cloth and the dull tarnish of his rich clothing, "and they are always fools for spending, once they start."

"I would not sit with these cattle," Achmed said quietly, lifting his hand in a mild gesture that included the main hall of the Café Nahr-el-Kelb and all its pipe-smoking, domino-playing occupants.

"If thou wilt permit thy servant to lead the way, sire, the finest room in this poor place shall be at thy disposal. It is all too humble for one of thy distinction — "

Achmed silenced him with an abrupt snap of the fingers. "Huss!"

Abu Zahli recognized in that voice the authority of one accustomed to command — a prince of the blood, surely. He dry-washed his hands together as he led the wealthy stranger toward a door at the side, mentally computing the size of the

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gratuity he would receive in case the attractions of the place were such as to hold him satisfied — say — for several days. Others in the café were impressed by the poise and rich, fantastic dress of the newcomer. Several rose and bowed as he passed, preferring to err on the side of safety in case he were a person of power. The leader of the girl-orchestra — really their watchman — tried in vain to organize his players to give the young sheik a few bars of the National March.

"THOU art the owner of this place?" asked Achmed, as he was bowed into a shabbily-ornate private room, hung with blue brocade.

"Not I, oh Prince," Abu Zahli answered in trepidation. "Zizi-Hannun will be desolated that he was not at his accustomed spot to greet thee."

"Zizi-Hannun —" mused Achmed. "It is the name given me by those who told me of this place. They said the food was passable —"

"The best to be had between Aleppo and Damascus, sire —"

"That one could quench one's thirst —"

"With anything that's pleasing to thy taste — from coffee of the finest blend to the sparkling wine of France — more grateful to a true believer, because it is forbidden."

"And — girls — ?"

"And those in plenty — so famous for their beauty that nightly our greatest task is to care for those who swoon through sight of them."

Abu Zahli was warming to his task. Not in a month of moons had the Café Nahr-el-Kelb received so versatile a client — one who demanded the full-rounded programme of amusement — food — women — wine — served in state.

"We have them all — the tall, the short — the fat, the lean — suitable to thy whims."

"There is one — specially recommended — whose name I have forgot —"

Achmed was standing with his back turned to Abu Zahli. His voice seemed tired.

"Julie?" suggested the excited Zahli, "a pearl of pearls from far-off Argentine —"

"'Tis not she."

"Emile — a blonde — ?"

"I care not for blondes."

"Marishkana — perhaps?"

"No, but wait." Achmed pulled a fold of cloth across his mouth and turned. "It is almost that."

Abu Zahli suddenly froze. "We have so many, my prince," he stammered.

Achmed fixed him with his eyes. "Is there a girl, Mahricka? I think that is the name —"

Abu Zahli felt the sweat trickling down his back. "There is no one of that name here, my prince."

ACHMED started for the door. "Perhaps I have mistaken the place. That was the name, I am quite certain."

Before he had taken three steps, Abu Zahli was wringing his hands and barring his way to the door.

"A thousand pardons, lord of lords, prince of princes —" He pounded his forehead violently with the flat of his hand. "That I should forget the most priceless jewel of all — a virgin, fresh from Basra."

He continued smacking his forehead. "'Twas not my fault, Pasha

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— forgive! — forgive! — she came but yesterday — guarded by twenty eunuchs and as many maids — the special property of Khalid Pasha, Vali of this province."

His uncle? Achmed smiled. So his assassin-uncle visited this place at times — or was Abu Zahli lying?

"'Twas he who recommended her to me," he said.

Abu Zahli stood, stupefied.

"Thou art the friend of Khalid Pasha?"

"His cup companion and very friend. Bring this girl to me!"

"But — prince of princes — lord of —" Abu Zahli objected.

"HUSS!!!"

FIRE leaped from the eyes of the boy. He took a step toward Abu Zahli, holding the folds of his head cloth across his mouth.

"Bring that girl to me — here! Or wouldst thou rather be whipped from here to thy birthing-place? I care not for Khalid Pasha — nor for thy master Zizi-Hannun, whose plaything she probably is —"

The eyes of Abu Zahli almost started from his head.

"No! — No! — I swear — by the Prophet —"

"Wilt thou go — ?" Achmed demanded.

"Instantly, sire — instantly!! Forgive — !!"

He bowed five — ten times as he groped for the handle of the door behind him. He closed the door to the blue room and hurried to inform Zizi-Hannun of the welcome news that a prince — nay, more than a prince — had chosen the Café Nahr-el-Kelb for his playground.

Zizi-Hannun was sweating over his accounts. The appearance of Abu Zahli and his unusual tale angered him.

"And why must thou bother *me* — ass of the world — ?"

"He has asked for Mahricka," Abu Zahli stated.

For a moment, Zizi-Hannun stared straight ahead of him. He really loved Mahricka — as far as a man should permit himself to love a woman. Her domination over him had been costly.

"He is rich, you say — this desert youth?"

"Richer than that," Abu Zahli promised. "An especial friend of Khalid Pasha — who recommended this place to him. He has ordered a supper of a thousand dishes — the Frankish wine champagne. He wears an ancient wedding-dress that must have cost the wealth of India — gold and silver incrusted — undoubtedly a desert son, parading the wealth of his father. In his waistband, I beheld a dagger with hilt of solid gold —"

Zizi-Hannun dropped his pen and wiped his inky fingers.

"Why didst thou not say that before? — fool! — knave! — ass! — idiot! I go to pay my respects — bring Mahricka! — and see she does not let this sheik know the trifling beating that I gave her."

ACHMED was lolling, full-length on a padded *mahad*, when Zizi-Hannun tapped upon the door. He had only time to pull the cloths of his headdress across his face. During the time that the fat café-owner fed him compliments, apologized and kissed his hand, he kept his face half-turned toward the wall.

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"The blessing of Allah be upon thee and thine!" Zizi panted, deftly fingering the weight and richness of the white burnoose and mentally figuring the value of the costly dagger that peeped from the youth's waist. "All that I have — in meat and drink and entertainment — is thine for the asking, my prince —"

Achmed paid no attention.

"Only — I am desolated to say — my expenses here are such that daily I am warned that only through the help of Allah — the Magnificent! — and the kindness of my friends — May they be praised! — shall I escape a prison-cell for debt."

Achmed made a weary gesture with his hand.

"Fret not about thy debts! The ant climbs a blade of grass and finds it high. My servant comes within the hour to fetch me. He has my purse."

Zizi-Hannun smiled his oily smile and retreated. No one talks like that who counts the cost. He paused at the door to say:

"The best of my house and the blood of my veins are thine, oh Prince — thy slightest wish is my command — on the beard of my father."

* * *

MAHRICKA entered the room softly, her eyes downcast. The traces of recent tears had been removed from her cheeks. Her hair had been newly dressed. Slowly, timidly, with undulating grace, she crossed the carpeted space and knelt beside the *mahad* on which the youth reclined. His face was turned from her. One drooping hand held the silver and amber mouth-piece of a perfumed *narghile*. The dead air was heavy with its smoke and the smell of incense. Mahricka pressed the edge of the sleeve of the youth's burnoose to her lips and intoned quietly:

"Turn not the glory of thy countenance away from this, thine handmaid, who kneeleth here at thy feet, oh sun of my life!"

At the sound of her voice, Achmed felt a trembling shiver run through his body — yet he remained immovable. He felt her soft lips touch his hand.

"Why dost thou torture one whose only wish is to please thee? As the flower fadeth when the sun is denied it, so my poor heart languisheth and I grow pale and wan for lack of a sight of thy noble face. Tell me that I am not unpleasing to thee, sun of suns!"

AS HE still did not answer, this strange youth, whose pulse seemed slower than a graybeard's, she crawled on her knees to the end of the couch, removed his slippers and handled his naked feet with her soft hands as she began to intone a love-song in the high-pitched voice, so pleasing to Oriental ears. At the end of the first stanza, she paused to ask:

"How findeth thou my voice, oh prince of all desires?"

A muffled voice came from beneath the fold of cloth with which the youth had covered his face.

"Like the cawing of the raven — or the screech of wooden wheel on a dry shaft."

Mahricka started and half-raised on her knees as she stared at the recumbent figure. It could not be — and yet — ? She gave a nervous laugh that had the catch of a sob in it.

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"True, my lord of life — I had forgotten thy ears were attuned to the song of angels. Pray forgive! But only tell me in what way I may be less unpleasing to thee. What wouldst thou have? My head? My heart? The blood within my veins that sings for thee and thee alone? Do not shame me with the cold of thy contempt, my lord! Torture me no longer!!"

She crawled once more to the side of the divan and pressed his hand against her burning cheek.

"See! Mine eyes are wet with tears wrung from my heart."

With a sudden thrust of his hand, Achmed flung her backward.

"Away! Thou smellest of goats!"

His head-cloth fell from his face in the effort and before he could snatch it back in place, Mahricka caught a glimpse of his features.

For a moment, she lay quite still, reclining on an elbow, her dark eyes staring in amazement. Slowly, she rose to her knees. Her voice trembled so that she could scarcely control it, as she spoke.

"True, my lord! — my life! I had forgotten that I was touched by one who herded goats this afternoon — a street urchin, who thought himself a story-teller — a beardless youth who so beguiled my pity with his poverty of wit that I permitted his approach. Forgive again, my sun of suns, that I have offended thy nostrils with the smell of him who hath defiled me."

She saw the youth's body twitch, as if pricked with a thorn.

"Tell me of this goatherd accident of thine," Achmed said in a breathless monotone. "I would hear more!"

Mahricka laughed.

"At last, I find a means of pleasing thee — who could not earn a single glance with all my charms. There's little to the tale and when 'tis told, you'll find it hardly worth the hearing. Thinkest thou, my lord, one should turn her back on love — even the love of a scabby youth who thought himself a king among men — ?"

Her eyes were shining with a cruel, anticipatory glitter as she quickly moved to the low taboret of food.

"But first, before I start my sorry tale, permit me to refresh thee with a cool glass of sparkling wine —"

She hastily, deftly uncorked the bottle of champagne and poured a glass half-full of the frothy liquid.

"'Twill make the croaking of my raven's voice sound sweeter in thy noble ears."

She rose and approached the couch.

"Drink this! lover of my life."

Whether by design or because her hand was shaking so, the champagne spilled on Achmed's face. Instantly, he swung to the side of the couch, his features livid. He grabbed for her arm but she had jumped back out of reach.

"I knew thee, puppy-dog — for all thy stolen clothes. And now that thou hast played thy little game and lost —"

Before she could reach the door, Achmed had jumped ahead of her and locked it, flinging her backward to the floor when she tried to interfere. In a second, she was on her feet, eyes blazing like an animal at bay.

"Thou shalt be flayed alive and thy carcass eaten by curs, thou fool.

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I shall have thee bastinadoed and thy nails torn out before my very eyes —"

Achmed started toward her slowly, a look of sadness on his face.

"And I shall laugh at thy suffering," Mahricka snarled at him, her eyes darting from side to side as she sought a means of escape.

"It is no time for laughter, Mahricka," the boy breathed.

As swift as the striking of a snake, he gripped her arms and drew her to him.

"I hate thee! I loathe thee! I despise thee!!!" she hissed, spitting in his face and struggling with all her force to break his hold.

"And I love thee! and worship thee! and adore thee!! Mahricka, mine," Achmed whispered, holding her wrists with one hand while he covered her mouth with the other and forced her back upon the low *mahad*. His strength seemed the strength of ten. Indeed, he hardly realized the girl was fighting him.

"In that fair-foul body of thine is gathered everything I love with everything I loathe. Allah hath blessed thee with a beauty that hath no equal — he hath made thee a pearl above price — and thou hast thought so little of thy worth, thou hast cast the gift to swine — dirtied the temple of Allah's bounty past all cleansing. Therefore, thou must die — my sweet! It was written I should follow thee on my knees to the end of earth — and then — should kill thee."

Holding her beneath him with the weight of his body — one hand cupped over her mouth — Achmed drew the dagger from its sheath.

"Since I can not have thee — no man shall have thee."

The girl's eyes stared wide with a sudden horrified questioning. For a moment, her body strained upward; then, with scarcely the flutter of the broken wing of a butterfly, settled deep into the soft cushions. Her head turned slowly to the side, as if grateful to find peace, at last.

There was a quiet knock at the door.

Achmed only rested as he was, gazing long at the dead girl's face.

The knock was repeated — this time with sharp insistence.

Instantly, Achmed was on his feet — terrified — sweat breaking out on his body. What had he done? What in Allah's name had he done? What would he do? He tiptoed half way to the door; then tiptoed back to the couch in horrified awe.

"My lord! my prince!" came from the other side of the panel, accompanied by further rapping. It was the voice of Zizi-Hannun.

Achmed looked carefully over his burnoose. Not a single spot of blood marred its whiteness — not a spot. He leaned over Mahricka and noted, with a glow of satisfaction, that only beneath the left arm-pit, where the hilt of the dagger gleamed dully, could any blood be seen. This he covered with a pillow. Only the closest observer could have told that her sleep was that of death. Quickly, he stepped to the door, as the tapping recommenced.

"Who is there?" he asked, wondering at the natural tone of his voice.

"It is I — Zizi-Hannun, thy servant, oh prince. A thousand-thousand pardons for troubling thee."

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Achmed drew the bolt and opened the door a crack.

"And since when has it been thy custom — ?" Achmed began wrathfully to berate the greasy, little man.

ZIZI-HANNUN was utterly terrified. His eyes were like saucers. Sweat poured down his face.

"The wrath of Allah has descended upon me and I have been stricken with despair. Not for the wealth of ten thousand worlds would I disturb one of thy blood, who deigns to honor this, my place, with thy gracious presence — but —"

"Speak what is on thy mind!" Achmed said, holding the fold of cloth across his mouth.

"This night of all nights — this very moment — when he was known to be an hundred leagues away —"

Zizi-Hannun wrung his fat hands in agony.

"Khalid Pasha — my protector — without whose friendship I am as one cut off from life and health and sun-light —"

"What of him?"

"I tell thee, my prince — he is here — in my place — at this moment — and demands the same service to which he is accustomed — this room — which I have given thee — unless thou canst find it in thy heart to earn the blessing of Allah and my children's children —"

"What wouldst thou have me do?"

"I have another chamber, sun of suns — and other girls, more beautiful than she who spends the hours with thee. If thou wouldst deign —"

"*Insballah!!*"

Achmed's eyes were twinkling. His voice, muffled by the head-cloth, was pitched high with excitement.

"'Twas Khalid Pasha, no other, friend of my father's father, who told me of thy place. He is my very friend as well as thine. Tell him I beg to offer him a cup — for friendship's sake — and then I will retire."

"Perhaps," said Zizi, with sudden hope, "he will be well content to have thee stay awhile."

"No doubt —"

"And the girl — ?" Zizi-Hannun suggested, with fawning hope. "I would not dare to question thee, but —"

"The girl shall rest with him."

"And thou wilt say that thou hast never seen her?"

"Fear not! And fetch my friend before he tires of waiting for his special chamber and I repent my present humor."

ZIZI-HANNUN made an awkward attempt to kiss Achmed's hand before the door closed. He was still a-tremble with nervousness, but if the youth were really the friend of Khalid Pasha and they spent the evening together in entertainment, his ill-luck might well turn out his greatest fortune.

Achmed locked the door and quickly tiptoed to the couch. With no more feeling than if he were putting a rolled-up carpet out of sight, he lifted the girl and slid her stiffening body underneath the *mahad* — first removing the steel from her breast and wiping the blade on the soft silk of her trousers; carefully guarding his clothes against the stains.

"It was written thus — from first to last," he whispered to himself, as he covered the small pool of blood

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on the couch with pillows. Satisfied that all trace of his crime was covered up, he tiptoed to the door once more and slid back the bolt — afterward walking to the far end of the room and lifting his head.

"And now — we shall see what we shall see, oh, my father! Forgive my weakling heart and coward hand for waiting this long time whilst thou wert unavenged."

* * *

THE eight girls of the orchestra sawed the strings madly to the erratic beat of the evil-faced orchestra-leader. The fifteen or twenty other girls, in their crumpled dresses of dingy white, imitated the same movements with their hairless bows and stringless fiddles, their tired, calculating eyes ceaselessly searching the smoke-filled, noise-filled hall. Suddenly, the leader hammered with his baton on the music stand and waved his arms violently for them to stop. He had caught sight of the white-garbed desert sheik, making his way toward the entrance. There was still time, perhaps, to gain a *pourboire* by playing the national anthem.

Achmed, responding with a slight nod to the bows of those who rose from the tables as he passed, had almost reached the door when Abu Zahli breathlessly hurried up to him.

"Thou art not leaving us, oh prince? The moon is yet young."

"It is my chief regret that I must go," Achmed answered.

"This dog's hovel is not fit for the entertainment of one of thy noble rank — but wert thou content with thy short stay?"

"Content and more than that. The praise of your hospitality and kindness shall be ever present on my lips."

"And thy servant — with thy purse — ?" Abu Zahli suggested, dry-washing his hands. He was afraid he would offend, yet determined to find if the youth's bill was paid.

FOR a moment, Achmed was thunder-struck. The bill! His mind had been so full of that final picture of the killer of his father lying open-mouthed and glassy-eyed upon the floor of the private chamber, he had quite forgotten about the cost.

"My servants have not come?" he stammered.

"Not yet — my lord."

"No matter."

From the folds of his burnoose, Achmed drew the dagger with its golden hilt and silver sheath. He handed it to Abu Zahli.

"The gold in that will pay thee for thy trouble."

With quiet dignity, he returned the obsequious bow of the head servant — and passed out into the night.

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College Sports Decline

Intercollegiate Contests Are Losing Popularity

By Parke H. Davis

Intercollegiate games, with the exception of certain traditional combats in football, are declining. By declining is meant that competition by undergraduates for positions on the representative teams is lessening, that the skill of the players is deteriorating, that the interest and enthusiasm for their teams among student bodies are diminishing, and that the attendance at the games on the part of undergraduates, graduates and the general public, is dwindling. These are bold statements, but they are founded upon the complaints of college managements and coaches which have been supplemented by a country-wide investigation.

Into this dark cloud, however, bursts a shaft of sunshine, for with the wails above have also come reports that intramural games, the games which collegians wage with each other and with teams formed wholly within their college walls, played without admission fees, are enormously increasing in popularity. Notre Dame, Princeton, and many others report that as many as 90 per cent of the student bodies are engaged in some branch of intramural sport. This is the condition so intensely advocated by many educators and technically known as "athletics for all."

Unfortunately, this latter ideal state has increased the worries of the practical managers of college sports, for this gigantic institution, intercollegiate and intramural sports, stupendously costly, is maintained by the admission fees of the intercollegiate games; supplemented in a small way in some institutions by subscriptions of the alumni and undergraduates. Football, as it is generally known, is the only sport able to support itself, and this assertion fails in so many small colleges that it can not be laid down as a rule.

When the sports other than football, in colleges where football carries the entire load, fall off in receipts, obviously the load of football is increased. Hence it is not surprising to those who are informed that a number of institutions which participate in conspicuously well attended football games, nevertheless close their financial year with a deficit.

Many, with isolated instances in their memories of crowded basketball floors, hockey rinks, gymnasi-

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ums, and the other arenas of indoor games, will challenge the assertions that attendances are dwindling. Colleges, however, vary in the interest of student bodies in sport; sports in the same college vary in attractiveness; and games in the same sport vary in appeal to student bodies. Hence, a general assertion must be based on the experience of an entire year.

The indoor games, basket-ball, hockey, swimming, wrestling, boxing, fencing, gymnastics, in many colleges still easily crowd indoor seats, but indoor arenas are of small capacity compared with outdoor stands and stadia.

SPECIFICALLY, which colleges are complaining of a lack of interest? Brown, Columbia, Cincinnati, Hampden-Sydney, Indiana, Lehigh, Mercer, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, Oberlin, Ohio State, Trinity, Washington and Wesleyan are a few. These are selected as types of institutions and also for their geographical locations. Perhaps you would like to read one of these complaints? Well, here is one from Princeton, not enumerated in the foregoing list, which was sent out last June by a member of the University periodicals to the University's athletic counsellors: "The most disastrous year in the history of Princeton's sports is drawing to a close. There have been many and varied explanations as to the decline of athletic skill and enthusiasm among Princeton's undergraduates. What is the cause and what is the remedy?"

In a wide investigation of this condition, naturally, one looks outside to other fields of sport, to the schools, to the athletic clubs, and municipal sport systems. There is no such deterioration there. In fact the very opposite is found. In the cities of the United States which maintain systems of sports for their boys and girls, the astounding army of 1,250,000 boys and girls in 1929 vied for positions in 710,000 games before 38,250,000 people. These games were football, baseball, basket-ball, rowing, track and field sports, lacrosse, tennis and golf. The schools of the United States in 1929 presented 150,000 athletes in action in 25,000 games in these same sports. College sports from the standpoint of numbers are petty in comparison with these figures. But school and municipal athletes are several years younger than collegians. Distractions for the latter do not present the same charms as to the former. Athletic games are instinctively sought by children. It is through such play that they grow.

CURIOUSLY, the sport to feel this disease of apathy first and most deeply is the pioneer and once the prince of college games, baseball. If you have not followed intercollegiate games closely since the war it may surprise you to be told that baseball in the colleges generally is unpopular. In some colleges it has been abandoned. In others it is being given heroic treatment for resuscitation. Last spring the leading colleges of the East formed an intercollegiate league and established the institution of a "championship" in the hope that this competitive feature would restore interest. It did to some extent, but not enough to lift the old sport out of the sick bed.

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Popularly, baseball is called our national sport, although for years more people have played basket-ball, tennis and golf.

The trouble with baseball among the colleges is not difficult to ascertain. It can not compete with many of the other games in swift, continuous action. It is a slow game, comparatively, either to play or to watch. It requires high skill and it is rough, rough in the handling of hard batted balls, in sliding to bases, in being hit with pitched balls, and in personal collisions. When spectators, too, have dwindled, wide patches of empty seats are uninviting to athletes. They can find greater enjoyment in other games, track, tennis, soccer, lacrosse, and golf. Cricket once was played by Princeton and Pennsylvania and by other colleges, but its element of slowness contained no appeal to the *tempo* of American collegians even in the middle 'eighties, and although it is an excellent game it went into disuse. Baseball, which supplanted it and caused its extinction, now in turn faces the same fate.

AMONG groups of collegians many causes are being assigned for the slump in intercollegiate games. Some of these assignments are sarcastic, some superficial and some profound. It is said by the philosophers of college life that "the race of collegians is softening"; that "competitive collegiate sports as an organism are obsolescent and not in step with the period"; that "the drastic demands of modern academic work deprive students of today of the energy, the time and the ambition to participate in representative games"; that "sports as entertainment can not compete with social functions, out of town week ends, and motor jaunts." As to the dwindling interest of alumni and the attendance of spectators, these are generally assigned to the competition of better shows and more fascinating attractions.

"SOFTENING of the race of collegians!" Once again we float in fancy back to a May day in 1891. Harvard is playing Princeton and Phil King of Princeton is holding down second base. From the bat of "Slugger" Mason of Harvard (his real name was Frank) comes a line hit. King takes it with one hand but breaks the bone in his finger. Walking quietly to the foul line he picks up a stick and with the hem torn from his shirt has his finger bound to the splint, and then returns to second base where he handles other hot ones for four innings, and incidentally straightens out one of "Jack" Highland's fast ones for a home run. And now, it is Thanksgiving Day, 1898, in Easton, and there is deep snow on the ground. Lafayette is playing Lehigh. The field is outlined with sticks stuck in the snow. The score is 0 to 0. Lafayette is held 35 yards from Lehigh's goal. Out upon the field from the bench furiously leaps Edward Bray, although he is wearing bandages around two ribs broken two days before. He takes his place at full-back. Along comes the ball. Bray receives it and instantly lifts a drop kick out of the snow, thirty-five yards down the field, for a goal and for victory. "Softening of the race!" Surely the daughters of the women who bore the "Johnnie" Poes and the "Aleck" Wilsons are

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bearing other boys eager to face Harvard or Hindenburg. Boyhood and youth are the same, year in and year out, generation after generation.

When Harlan Stone, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was playing guard at Amherst, and when John Sargent, late Attorney-General of the United States, was playing centre at Tufts, the period of the early 'nineties, there were only six intercollegiate sports, rowing, baseball, football, track, lacrosse, and tennis. The first was played so gently and politely that it barely attained its place. These six games afforded practically the only entertainment of a show character in the average college town. There was, of course, a dance now and then, but only a few collegians in those days were dancers; and there was occasionally a class rush or a fight, but these broke out too suddenly to permit spectators generally to assemble. Curiously in such a paucity of pleasures the only athletic teams were the 'Varsity teams and their scrub squads. All the rest of the college or university body were spectators.

And then suddenly along came basketball, golf, gymnastics, swimming, hockey, polo (water and horse), wrestling, boxing, fencing, and the other sports, about thirty in all. And tennis, simultaneously, began to display violent volleys and a generally combative type of play which raised its character level with the other spirited sports. Down through the closing years of the Nineteenth Century and out into the Twentieth swept the brilliant phalanx of sports. An enormous impetus from the World War compelled the college managements to organize several teams and crews in the same sport, graded according to physical characteristics, and thus we had at last the condition, long advocated by many an athletic system, in which all students participate as players.

Today with collegians rowing, running, riding, batting balls with bats, rackets, golf and hockey clubs and lacrosse creases, fencing, and fighting in intramural games on every floor, court, field and space available in a college plant, we are told that fewer and poorer men are competing for places on the intercollegiate teams and that the attendance of spectators at the latter is dwindling. Apparently the athletic talent which formerly concentrated on the representative major sports is now distributed all along the line of the thirty sports. And undeniably a few men with the physical equipment to make great intercollegiate athletes are distracted by other diversions, the tea dance, the motor ride, the house party, and the week end out of town. As for the decline in undergraduate spectators, naturally collegians playing games, however casually, prefer to play their own games than to sit and watch other fellows play theirs, and so today the former college spectator is playing tennis, golf, rowing in a shell, or away on social diversions.

And where are the alumni who once came miles to see the games? They, too, have been affected by the same conditions. Today they are playing in games of their own, or enjoying the recreations made possi-

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ble by the automobile. Then, too, they look askance at the present quality of the college games, for the alumnus in these days is exacting. He demands perfection of performance or he is not interested. The casual or imperfect game may be played "for sport's sake" but it will not be watched for "sport's sake." There are too many other and more interesting entertainments. The athlete is an actor. He is vain. He requires throngs and cheers to perform, to excel and to win. Without them incentive weakens, skill deteriorates, spirit and vim become merely casual. Thus the deterioration in sports becomes a cycle. Performance becomes poor and the spectators go elsewhere. Without the spectators performance becomes worse.

"WHAT is the remedy?" the collegians are asking. Some colleges are seeking it by transferring their games from Saturdays to late Friday afternoons. These institutions number over 100 colleges, one-fourth of the entire number in sports. Among the more prominent of these are Buffalo, Detroit, Grinnell, Dayton, Oglethorpe, West Virginia, Mississippi, Sewanee, Whittier, Duquesne, Catholic, Marquette, Wabash, Alfred, John Carroll, and Presbyterian. "Small colleges," you will say. Yes, small in some respects but large in others; apparently unable to compete with Saturday's local counter attractions. Other institutions, notably Lafayette and Washington and Jefferson, will experiment with a football game this fall at night.

Is there a need for a remedy? Is this slump final destruction or only a temporary eclipse? History is full of other periods of similar athletic recessions. There is no amusement older than athletic games. Out of the twenty-second chapter of Isaiah, written about 750 years B.C., comes the reference: "He will turn and toss thee like a ball," and out of the Sixth Book of the Odyssey of Homer comes another quotation: "Then having bathed and anointed well with oil, they took their mid-day meal upon the river's bank, and when satisfied with food they played a game of ball." Ball games apparently possess age. "Bobbie" Jones, home from Hoylake this summer and riding up Broadway through a storm of paper flakes, between a gauntlet of 300,000 admirers, presented only a modern picture of Chorobis, winner of the Olympic Games, 550 years B. C., being escorted home from Olympia by a throng of 50,000, whom his native city in honor received through a breach in the city's walls. Yes, they "over-emphasized" sports, perhaps, 2,500 years ago. But what other institutions have lived for 2,500 years and over? And changed so little?

If Chorobis could have attended the intercollegiate games of all America last June he would have recognized every event on the programme except the pole vault and the hurdles.

IN THE days when the practice of archery was the mainstay of warring England, the kings endeavored to prevent competition from games afield by prohibiting them. Thus, Edward III issued an edict which is still extant in the Close Rolls, 12 Edward III, in which he prohibited "*manualem, pedinam, baculoream et*

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ad cambucam." Devotees of modern sports afield will recognize beneath these names in law Latin handball, football, hockey and golf. But the youth of England played on. In 1389, Richard II forbade "all playing at tennise, football and other such importune games." But the youth of England played on. During the reign of Henry IV, the proscription again appeared, this time enunciated in Norman French. But the youth of England played on. Fourteen years later the baby King, Henry VI, proclaimed in quaint English, "The King forbiddes that na man play at the futball." But the youth of England played on. Henry VII and Elizabeth also launched at the sport their royal disfavor. But the youth of England played on. And so will the youth of America. But the citadel of sports and games will some day be transferred from the colleges to the public schools.

In the colleges today and all days are men of rugged bodies and rugged temperaments. These are the men upon whom the enticements of modern youthful life can not make a commanding impression. They are men who would rather plunge through a scrimmage line than dance a fox-trot in a road house; who would rather smell the pungent odors of a training house than the cigarette smoke of a night club; and who would rather race through the glare of a cinder track than speed down a concrete highway in a glittering automobile. These men engage in athletic contests because they love them, because the joy of physical effort and the will to excel and to win are integral parts of their characters. Since the days of Chorobis there have always been an abundance of these men and they are here today. And these are the men who will maintain college sports until different days.

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Sailing the Main

By Charles B. Driscoll

Some College Boys Made Good as Pirates

There was a time when a college man, if he didn't like the fare, the curriculum, or the mathematical professor's face, could go pirating to sea, and make a name for himself.

There were many college men among the pirates who sailed the Spanish Main. Some of them achieved glory, and a few took their last good look at this fascinating world from the vantage point of a gallows platform.

Strangely enough, pirating seems to have appealed to medical students more than to men in any other course of training.

There was Peter Scudamore. He was always an adventurous fellow. He was a hard worker, too, and always was willing to take on a little more than the essential offices of his calling. In his student days in London he was known as a most original and enterprising student of surgery. One night he led a party of four students that went to the Thames and cut down the bodies of two pirates that had been hung up in chains as a solemn warning to evil-doers.

Scudamore chose a wild and stormy night for this exciting adventure. From such a storm the watch would seek shelter, he reasoned, and well. But in such a storm it was hard and dangerous work to scale the gibbet and bring down the heavy bodies, weighted with their neat chain harnesses. The students did it, but one of them broke a leg in the effort, and Scudamore laid this patient out on the dock and set the broken bone before attempting to get away with the grewsome prizes.

So Scudamore became a hero to his class and his chums at school. He took great pride in his dissection of the pirates, and boasted, upon graduation, that he knew more about the anatomy of a pirate than any other landsman.

Going to Bristol, his home town, as if intending to practice surgery, Scudamore soon had an opportunity to ship aboard a merchantman as ship's surgeon. He sailed in that capacity for three years, with varying fortunes. The more he saw of the sea, the better he liked it. He achieved a reputation for successful operations at sea, and his services were much in demand.

So he sailed as surgeon aboard the *Mercy*, under Captain Rolls. The *Mercy* was captured by the

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Pirate Bart Roberts, off Calabar, in 1721.

Now, there were two professions customarily favored by ethical pirates. A clergyman was not forced to serve aboard a pirate ship, if the pirate was anything of a gentleman. Roberts prided himself upon his proud punctilio. He would not force a clergyman to minister to the souls of his cutthroats, although he much desired a chaplain. Several times he made special offers of extra prize money to get a spiritual advisor for his crew, but always failed.

SURGEONS maintained a standing but little below the cloth. They were skilled men whose skill was respected. They were never forced to sign the pirate articles. A surgeon was sometimes forced to join the pirate crew in his special capacity, but always with the understanding that he would be detained only until a man could be found to relieve him. He was well paid for his service, and not looked upon by the pirates as one of them, but rather looked up to as a superior individual who might be called upon at any time to save the lives of wounded pirates.

So far as known, Peter Scudamore was the first surgeon who ever signed pirate articles. He did it of his own free will, boastfully, and hoping to set a precedent.

Captain Roberts was sailing the *Royal Fortune*, a noted pirate ship, and was flying his pirate flag, with a weird design of a pirate defying a death's head with a cutlass, when he overhauled the *Mercy* and signalled her to heave to. The captain of the *Mercy* was for fighting. He distributed small arms among his men, and asked them whether they would stand by him and defend their ship. The men talked it over.

Surgeon Scudamore made a little speech.

"You are fools if you fight," he told the seamen. "The pirates will take us anyway. The cargo and ship are not yours. As for me, I want no job more jolly than being surgeon aboard a pirate."

THAT settled the *Mercy's* fate. The men refused to fight. When a boatload of the *Mercy's* men was ordered to board the *Royal Fortune* to be looked over by Roberts, Scudamore took his little medical kit along. He presented himself first, and, before all the *Mercy's* men, said: "Captain Roberts, Sir, my duty to you! I've heard you're a bloody pirate, and I want to be your bloody surgeon. I want to sign the articles right now, and share in your plunder, Sir."

It was so agreed, and Dr. Scudamore signed the articles with much cursing and shouting, and with great jollification on the part of the pirate crew.

"Now," said Scudamore, "I'm as much of a rogue as the rest of you, and we'll all hang together when the big day comes!"

Possibly Dr. Scudamore didn't realize that he was speaking as a prophet.

The fortunes of Dr. Scudamore from this time forward were intimately and fatefully associated with the fortunes of Captain Bart Roberts, of the *Royal Fortune*, and with the careers of the Roberts crew. Scudamore had plenty of work to do. He took great pride in his work, and would not tolerate dirt or unfinished

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business in his neat little floating hospital.

Dr. Scudamore brought back to health most of his patients. But Captain Roberts thought best to supply him with competent help, so that more of the injured pirates could be saved.

"Get me two assistants who are well trained surgeons, and I'll save more of your boys," said Scudamore. "I will not make any distinction between our men and the enemy. I take them as they come. First shot, first served. But I need more surgeons."

HE SUCCEEDED in selling this plan to the captain. He organized a medical and surgical service that was second to none on the seas in that day. Eventually he had four surgeons working under him, besides four lay helpers who did the cleaning and nursing.

Dr. Scudamore made a floating surgical school of his neat little hospital. When he wanted a certain kind of injury case, quite often he would go out and produce it himself. He wanted to demonstrate a point in the treatment of a severe scalp wound to one of his newest assistants.

"There's no use theorizing about it," he said, after trying to show the young fellow how the stitches should be taken. "I'll get you a case in our next engagement."

And he did. Taking cutlass in place of scalpel, Dr. Scudamore joined a boarding party, and, selecting his patient with care, inflicted a jolly slash across the scalp of a particularly wicked-looking defender of the boarded ship. He had the patient borne at once to the operating room of the *Royal Fortune*, and there tenderly demonstrated the nice operation he had been talking about.

Roberts and his crew gave the surgical ward a busy day when they captured the African Company's Guinea ship, *King Solomon*. There was a merry battle that lasted two hours. That was at dawn. By evening, Chief Surgeon Scudamore and his staff had cleaned up the day's work, and Scudamore walked out on deck for a look around.

He went over to the prize, and wandered about. In the captain's cabin he came upon a backgammon table. He fancied it greatly as a curio, for it was marvellously inlaid with at least thirty varieties of wood, and patterns made of mother-of-pearl wound in and out among the geometrical devices made of wood.

PICKING up the table, the Doctor started back to his own quarters. He was met by a drunken pirate who demanded the table. The sailor said it was a crime to allow such a fine table to go to one who couldn't play the game.

There was a desperate fight. The surgeon was on the defensive, but in the heat of the struggle he managed to get his right hand on a small surgical knife which he carried in his sash. With this he cut the sinews in both wrists of his attacker, making two neat wounds and disabling the pirate. When the villain had stopped struggling, Dr. Scudamore picked him up and carried him to the surgical ward, where he performed a beautiful operation, put the pirate to bed under the influence of an opiate, and then proudly set up his backgammon table as a place to stack instruments.

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The Doctor took the medicine chest out of the *King Solomon*, and in so doing made enemies who swore against him afterward at his trial.

The crew of Captain Roberts was taken by an English man-of-war, the *Swallow*. Fifty of the pirates, including Scudamore, were tried and hanged at Corso Castle, on the Guinea Coast.

On the platform the intrepid Scudamore addressed the audience, making a long and rambling religious harangue. It was evident that his mind had been a bit confused by the misfortunes he had met. He died while singing the Thirty-first Psalm in a throaty bass. He was then thirty-five years old.

JOHN KENCATE was another medico who made good at sea. He studied medicine at Edinburgh University, and, by dint of earnest work, made himself chief surgeon under New Low, one of the most successful pirates of the early Eighteenth Century. His adventures as a busy young surgeon aboard vessels that were constantly engaged in bloody warfare would make a book.

When the pirate ship *Ranger* was captured off Newport, Dr. Kencate was easily the most distinguished gentleman in the crew. He was tried, with the others, in the Town House at Newport, and was acquitted of the charge of piracy. He was so well liked by the members of the crew, to whom he administered, that they all testified that Dr. Kencate served on the pirate ship in a humanitarian capacity, as a forced member of the crew.

Nathaniel North was a law student in Bermuda when he became dissatisfied with the course of study, and with everything connected with the law.

He walked down to the dock and shipped as cook aboard a newly built sloop.

From that day forward, North's destiny seemed to shape itself for the sea, try how he would to get back to the land. He moved from one boat to another, and served in almost every imaginable capacity aboard every type of vessel then afloat. Three times he was impressed by British warships, for he was a British subject. In each case he ran away.

As sailor, supercargo, quartermaster and mate, North served aboard merchantmen, privateers and men-of-war under the British, French and Spanish flags, before he became a real pirate.

HE SHIPPED aboard a Spanish privateer, and had luck in the selling of prizes and collecting of prize money, but hardly any luck in capturing vessels to sell. He was a fearless fighter, although he didn't like fighting.

"I'll fight," he told his Spanish Captain, "so as to take the ship away from its owners, in the hope that I may get enough money to go farming. I don't consider it honorable or easy, but it's both more honorable and more easy than the practice of law, so I'm with you to the finish."

Eventually North became captain of a small Spanish vessel in privateering warfare. His enemies now were the French, for whom he had once fought.

"A lawyer takes his clients where he can get them," North explained

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to his friends. "The Spaniards are my clients now, and I'll argue their case against my late employers, the French. If there's nothing wrong with such procedure in the law, I'm sure it can't be wrong in war."

But prizes were few, and North made his way to Madagascar, where pirates were doing well. He was seriously considering a piratical cruise, to take all flags, for the sake of the plantation he hoped to set up soon.

At the Island of Johanna, North perpetrated his first grim joke upon the laws of civilized and uncivilized nations. He invited the black King aboard his vessel, had him arrested on a charge of poisoning white traders, and threatened him with summary execution. The King must hang at the yardarm, for the greater security of white traders — unless, indeed, His Majesty could produce a very large ransom, and that right quickly.

The black King paid his ransom in silver chains, brought aboard North's vessel by faithful subjects, and North dismissed the King and the whole black nation from his presence, after making each man take oath that no more whites would be poisoned in their dominions.

Captain North now went in for piracy. He met and consulted with experienced pirates in these waters, one of whom was Culliford, who had recently stolen a crew of cutthroats from Captain Kidd, thereby adding ignominy to a reputation already loaded down with the infamy of chance acquaintances.

Commanding a small Dutch vessel, nominally as a Dutch privateer, but really as a thoroughgoing pirate, Captain North ran into a terrible storm near Madagascar. The vessel was wrecked, and all hands were lost except North and one black woman, whom North, swimming about among the wreckage, rescued and placed upon the bottom of an overturned boat.

North now set out to swim for land, and made the beach after a swim of twelve miles. He landed in an exhausted condition, and faced additional difficulty by reason of his nakedness. The blacks mistook him for an evil spirit of the sea, and refused to come near him, until one Negro woman who had lived in a town where there were many whites, came forward and assured her countrymen that the supposed monster was merely a harmless foreigner in distress. North then had the unpleasant task of walking naked fourteen miles through the brush to a black village, where he was given food and succor.

From this village, where he stayed until he was thoroughly rested and recuperated, North walked to a port whence he could communicate with ship-owners. Within a year he found himself once more in command of a pirate ship, a mixed and murderous crew under him, and plenty of excitement ahead.

Two years of successful piracy in African and Mediterranean waters brought North the "nest egg" he had been working for. He wanted to settle down, but his restless crew was a problem.

He headed for the Madagascar village that had befriended him when he was shipwrecked and naked. On the way he took a Moorish

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ship, sank it, and took its crew aboard as prisoners.

He established a little absolute monarchy, with himself as monarch, his crew and such women as cared to join them as subjects, and the black town of Friendly as ally.

Now at length, at the age of forty-nine, Nathaniel North became a farmer. He and his crew settled upon some of the broad acres for which the lazy natives had no use, and builded a little centre of more or less white civilization. They took black wives, since there were no white ones, and they worked in a spirit of communal enterprise. North was judge and potentate and king. When disputes arose, he sat in judgment. He worked out a very satisfactory system of law for his subjects, and at last made good use of his legal education.

There came a war between the natives of Friendly and a neighboring black tribe. North and his men undertook to win the war for their friends. They went out in full force, with all their arms and a quantity of hand grenades they had made, and stormed the enemy village, which was on a high and almost invulnerable rock. They won, dislodged the enemy, and burned the village, but North was murdered in his bed after his return to his home.

The descendants of the North colony still live in Madagascar, and for many years have intermarried with descendants of other pirate colonists who once lived along the coasts of this rich land. They constitute today a marked native aristocracy in certain parts of Madagascar.

There are many more illustrious names in the roster of the pirates, that were once inscribed upon college rolls.

The lusty life of a pirate had an inevitable appeal to the college boys of those golden days before steam navigation and wireless telegraphy made piracy unprofitable.

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Speeding Up Speed Laws

By Peter F. O'Shea

Do the desires of the sober-minded citizenry of the country run in this wise?

American manufacturers this year are producing over a million motor cars geared for sixty, eighty or even one hundred miles an hour, to sell in States where the legal speed limit is from twenty to forty-five miles per hour. Either these manufacturers are collectively crazy, or America is a nation of speed-law breakers.

Eighty-mile cars are made exclusively to put in show windows — the only place where a car will not break all existing speed limits. Yet somehow those eighty-mile cars leak out of the show rooms. Someone learns through the gossip of the salesman's wife that there is such a car in town. Determined people jimmy their way in at night, overpower the salesman, force money into his reluctant hand, and buy the car despite his piteous pleadings. A good many cars are thus kidnapped from frantic salesmen, for practical business men find it worth while to maintain speed even in Massachusetts, home of law, where *prima facie* evidence of unlawful speed is twenty miles per hour.

Now, let us suppose, for a moment, that manufacturers and lawmakers were identical. What a dilemma Henry Ford would be in if he were elected Mayor of Dearborn, and the city council passed over Mayor Ford's head an ordinance limiting motor car speed to thirty miles an hour! Would he resign as Mayor, or would he conscientiously telephone his factory: "Cease production on sixty-mile motors. Retool the plant for a legal thirty-mile motor." If Mayor Ford did that, Manufacturer Ford would remain in business about sixty days. For manufacturers must give the people what the people want. Regardless of the inelastic demands of legislatures, the great mass of American people want speed, more speed, and then still more speed. Written laws of past decades are swamped by this year's law of popular demand.

Slow laws for a speedy people! Who is responsible for the paradox? How can we induce these authors of trouble to become real mathematicians and write an equation between speed laws and present-day people? What changes could we ask? Which are right: laws or people? We know that the people must be right, for among them are many

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saintly characters who, in consistently obeying other laws, could not be wrong.

But speed laws can not all be right, because they differ so much in different States. Glance at the variety of speed laws which confront us as we drive across State lines. In Alabama, Florida, Illinois, Louisiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, Carolinas and Ohio, speeds of forty-five miles an hour in open country are *prima facie* unlawful. That is, if you get into an accident, and the traffic officer can prove that you were hitting forty-five, he doesn't have to prove much additional recklessness to find you guilty and liable. The burden is on you to prove strenuously that really you were proceeding quite carefully in spite of your speed.

New Mexico, on the other hand, also names forty-five miles as the speed limit, but calls it *prima facie* lawful, not unlawful; so even if a New Mexico traffic officer has clocked you at forty-five, the burden of proof is still upon the cop to show that you were actually, not legalistically, reckless. Forty miles is the critical speed named as *prima facie* lawful or unlawful, according to the State, in California, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, Maryland, New Jersey, South Dakota and Washington. Thirty-five miles is the critical speed in Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Iowa, Maine, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia, West Virginia. Thirty miles is considered justifiable in New York, though the State does not absolutely forbid higher speeds, and twenty-five is still the point of legal attention in Missouri. The fictional twenty in Massachusetts is really too great a strain upon the modern imagination to be considered very seriously.

Critical speeds named are for open country. *Prima facie* lawful or unlawful speeds are lowered by most States to twenty-five, twenty, fifteen or even eight miles at crossings, intersections, curves, mountain roads, business and residence districts. Most motor vehicle commissioners find a way to announce in semi-legalistic parlance that really their State's arithmetical speed restrictions do not seriously mean what they say, thus intimating that they will not be enforced. Probably no commissioner has yet been impeached by the legislature for pulling the teeth of his laws.

Should we have a numerical speed limit if we are going to break it? Two States say: "No, let's throw out this fiction." Kansas has no maximum speed law, neither has Connecticut. They prefer to fit their laws to facts, and in this they are leaders. The others may follow, but in a straggling fashion, one by one.

Yet speed laws ought to be uniform, and not only uniform but they should synchronize with the present tense. Legislatures should employ a stylist — or elect one to membership. But legislators can never agree on any proposition until it is already behind the times. These midwives cause a strange condition: our speed statutes are born with congenital old age.

Lawyers as a class live in the past. They are still preoccupied with wills, testaments, leases, or other extensions of the dead hand over the

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changing future. Since they start or end every case with a document, they are bound to uphold the sanctity of a document — which is really essentially a dead thing, unchangeable. So, to secure up-to-date adjustable laws, we must first stop electing lawyers to constitute the majority of our legislatures, and elect instead sixty per cent of engineers.

LEGISLATORS will thereupon pass a variable algebraic traffic law: "Maximum reasonable speed shall hereafter be

$$\text{Speed} = \frac{.5\ \text{M R W (A.D.)}}{\text{B C K}}.$$

Hereafter, the speed for each year shall be determined anew on January 1 each year according to that formula. Thus: take one half (.5) of the race-track speed (M) of the latest improved automobiles. Multiply by the radius (R) of the road curve where the alleged speed violation occurred. Multiply by the width of the road (W), the wider the road, the greater the allowable speed. Divide by the number of cross streets (C) per mile of highway. More cross streets, less speed. Divide by the number of feet within which that year's brakes (B) will stop a car. K is an engineer's coefficient to make the answer come out right with practice now prevailing. Multiply by the year of our Lord (A.D.) in which the law is to be enforced, not the year in which the law was made." A.D. ought to be incorporated as a factor in every law.

High-school graduates now leaven our car-driving population in sufficient number to understand, appreciate and enforce an engineer's law. After all, why should not a modern motorist demand that his motor law contain a built-in automatic gear-shift which changes speed with the times? Alas, laws will not be thus sensible, organic and adjustable. Not while lawyers make laws. For them, the variable T for time, the changing year, is always represented by the constant 1894 or 1492.

Aiding in making laws are politicians who would read x—y as a personal insult or a mysterious offer of a bribe. Law is the most backward, ineffective, impracticable and obsolete of all our arts; it lags far behind the arts of agriculture, manufacturing, distribution, electric power, communication, diplomacy or drama.

We have pounded the lawyers like a tough beefsteak in the hope of making them manageable. Now let us tell them, hopefully, what we want them to do about the speed laws. Legislators can learn what changes they should make in speed laws by asking or even watching their coadjutors, the cops and judges. Traffic cops and judges advance more rapidly than legislators. An author writes a play, but a practical swearing producer has to put it on the stage. A cop or a judge has to operate the laws just as a driver has to operate a car.

EVOLUTION of our actual road speed starts with the engineer, is followed by the manufacturer, then by the driver, next by policemen and the judge, and finally even legislators try to catch up with the courts. But the greatest agent in raising speeds is our humble friend, the traffic cop. Let us see how magi-

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cally he works legal changes while he makes passes like Thurston or Keller.

Our modern traffic tendency is to put a minimum speed limit on vehicles rather than a maximum — a limit on slowness rather than a limit on speed. Popular sentiment practically forbids vehicles to crawl below a certain speed. "Thou shalt not go slower than twenty!" This popular law is enacted instantly by the voters assembled behind the slow poke who blocks traffic, and their sovereign popular will is proclaimed by the impatient honking of horns.

In the Holland Tunnel, for instance, the bulletined allowable speed becomes in practice the expected minimum. Officers are stationed every few hundred feet to keep traffic moving. And if your speedometer reads below that minimum, you will, by upsetting the flow of traffic, be to blame regardless of fictional legal arithmetic.

Any sensible traffic cop is a better legislator than the president of his State senate. He is more experienced. He legislates eight hours a day, in the living stream, catch as catch can, and even performs a thousand times more arm-waving gestures than the most violent State House orators.

Near big cities, slow pokes who persist in being legal are intolerable. A cop, to be successful in his career, must become a Mussolini, dictating speed. "Laws must be so applied," one State traffic commissioner intimates, "as to permit the swift and smooth flow of traffic. A vast population trying to escape for the week-end from New York City, Boston or Chicago, demands that it shall be a hundred miles away from town soon enough to come back the same hundred miles before 10 o'clock Monday morning, even if we can't provide time for a meal and a sleep also." Laws are a feeble barricade to this stampede, this will to escape, to change scene.

Look at the traffic officer who is sworn to hold down speed. What is he doing? Beckoning us angrily to come on, look alive, speed up, step on it. And do people impeach the officer? No. They say, "There's a traffic cop who knows his business." He is aiding the need, the demand, the law of the majority. He is doing what they want him to do. For the majority publishes daily to the cop the latest afternoon edition of current laws. The lawyers read only an antique book dealer's rare edition of traffic laws suitable to traffic at George Washington's inauguration, or Theodore Roosevelt's — not Herbert Hoover's.

What is the greatest nuisance to road speed? Traffic cops? No.

When cartoonists and legislatures sprinkled their insect-powder on the crossroad cop, who formerly lorded it over the road, our machine-minded nation had to invent a mechanical substitute to take his place. Hence we invented traffic lights. Great success attended their efforts. They have more than taken the place of the chin-whiskered crossroad tyrant. Quantity production of traffic stoppage has been achieved. Traffic lights are now the great annoying obstacle to speed on the highways.

They hold up traffic arbitrarily

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without explanation, many times without need. And to whom can a driver voice his chagrin? Not to the traffic light. Ears were purposely omitted from it. Your sanity will be questioned if you say to the one-eyed cop, "You big brute, there are no cars coming within a quarter mile. Why should you stop me?" The one eye does not even blink. A mechanical tyrant is often more exasperating than a capricious Nero.

TRAFFIC lights intend to be good things to promote safety and regulate speed for the greatest good of the greatest number. What qualities have perverted these benevolent guards into our greatest road nuisance? First, their variety. Each town has its own local standard of elapsed time between shifts from red to green. No two towns have the same period. No motorist can tell on entering any town what its particular period is. Each legislature should pass State-wide laws establishing a uniform traffic light pace in all towns within the State. Traffic authorities of different States should consult together as they did recently in a speed conference called by President Hoover, so that most or all of the States could decide upon the same periodicity. Then the motorist passing from town to town or from State to State need not be delayed by a succession of traffic compartments which are worse than all the passport complications from country to country in Europe. George Washington made this politically one country, but his modern successors as law makers in 1930 have left it, for the motorist, a collection of bailiwicks.

Motorists are delayed also by many traffic lights placed at points where no lights are needed. Politics often controls the placing of a non-human mechanical traffic cop no less than its inhuman living predecessors. Cops may die, but politicians live on. A citizen or group of citizens who command influence with the selectmen get up a petition for a traffic light at a particular spot. No scientific authority determines whether the light is really needed. An appropriation is pushed through, a light is installed, and the only way to get it out is for an equally influential group of citizens in the same town to rebel against it and put through a measure to abolish it. The usual thing, however, is to give each group whatever traffic light it wants so that you finish with two lights instead of one.

"I KNOW a New York City manufacturer who commutes to a certain town up the Hudson," a traffic executive told me with a grin. "One morning when he drove down to the local station from his home without much time to make his train, he found a stream of cars going along the main highway which he wished to cross instantly. These through cars did not pause for him, not knowing or caring that he was the local Pooh-Bah, so he could not break through, and he missed his train. So he drove directly to the house of the local political boss and from there to the chief of police, who assured Mr. Bigman, 'We'll see that it doesn't happen again. We'll install a traffic light! You tell us at just what time you cross the road there, and we'll adjust the red light to clear the road for you at that minute every morn-

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ing. The same when you return in the evening.'

"And that, I assure you, is the philosophy by which one light was installed and adjusted."

Many suburbs commit the same sort of offense in a lesser degree. They have heavy automobile traffic to the railroad station twice a day, in the morning before the commuters' trains leave, and in the evening when they return. Traffic lights are almost invariably installed near those stations and allowed to operate continually all day long at exactly the same pace which is necessary and justifiable for only two half-hours.

A MOTORIST'S next complaint against the iron cop is this: many spots which need some sort of traffic light have the wrong sort for that spot. Types of traffic lights are assigned to towns by salesmen, not by investigators or scientific State authority.

A clever salesman works on local pride. "What, no traffic lights in your town? But surely your town is as big as Littleville! They have two traffic lights." He and the mayor then go hunting for places to put three traffic lights, so that they will be fifty per cent bigger than Littleville.

The State should curb the local czarism of mechanical cops just as it once removed the little human traffic czars. These removals will speed up the habitual pace of motor traffic.

Is greater speed safe? Why not? It depends on the ability of the populace to handle it.

"Speed," says one State official, "has little to do with recklessness. A man can be reckless at 10 miles an hour as well as 50. There are places where 10-mile speed is reckless driving. There are other places where 50 or 60 miles per hour is as safe and conservative as 15 miles was on narrow, bumpy, sharply-curved roads of 15 years ago."

SPEED will increase in the future. Automobile makers will continue to give us better engines, and chassis which will cling more dependably to the road. Engine speed is not at present the limiting factor of road speed. Traction of the tires is the limiting factor. Today's engines can turn wheels much faster than today's tires can hold them to a leverage on the ground, and experiments are now under way to find a composition which has more traction than rubber, to substitute for it in tires. Roads also may be built of rubber or of this new composition.

Road builders of the future will make highways wider, with longer straightaways. Already the minimum radius of curves is much higher than in roads built ten years ago. Our present new speed constantly reveals new needs for the future. A familiar road which seems almost absolutely straight when traversed at forty miles an hour throws a succession of unfamiliar curves at the driver when he speeds up to sixty. This article may save millions for taxpayers who will encourage their States to build wide straight roads for the needs of the future, rather than roads of today's improved standard which in a few years will have to be changed at great cost to 1940 straightness.

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A Unique Experiment

By The Hon. Abbot Low Moffat

The Port of New York Authority

One of the most impressive spectacles in the world today is the sight of the two great towers of the new Hudson River Bridge that rise from the shores of the Hudson River between Fort Washington and Fort Lee. Already the four vast cables swing in graceful lines above the river, and the hanging of the roadway is about to commence. When completed early in 1932 the span of this bridge will be twice the length of that of the next greatest suspension bridge in the world. There will be space for eight and possibly ten lanes of motor traffic, two footways for pedestrians, and six rapid transit routes. Twenty million vehicles will be able to cross each year. The initial cost of this great enterprise is close to $70,000,000, and when finally completed to full capacity, the staggering sum of nearly $85,000,000 will have been expended. Yet, though publicly built, except for interest on a loan of five million dollars by each State, no taxpayer in either State is called upon to bear any part of the cost of this undertaking, and even these advances will be returned with interest.

This vast public improvement, as well as a number of other projects in the metropolitan region of New York, is being carried out by a municipal corporation that is unique in American history — the Port of New York Authority. Many New Yorkers do not fully understand the status of the Port Authority, as it is popularly called, while to most persons who do not reside in the region it is but a name. It is such a remarkable experiment in government, however, that a brief sketch of its history, its successes and its failures, its strong points and its defects, and its possibilities for the future, may not be amiss.

Over ten million people are clustered within a radius of fifty miles around the superb bays that form the Port of New York. The Port is the centre of this entire region. It is the great primary magnet that has drawn within this area the railroad, the factory, the merchant and the banker, and their great host of followers. Whatever the historic background of the various settlements in the area, today they have all been caught in the vortex of the Port; their life revolves about its life. Communities that fifty years ago were quiet farming villages to-

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day are factory sites or the homes of thousands of busy commuters. The entire region, for better or for worse, has become one vast economic entity.

HAD this area of some five thousand square miles been under one jurisdiction, many of the growing pains of the metropolis could have been eased long since. Unfortunately, however, the Port is bisected by the State line between New York and New Jersey, and the region is still further subdivided into a number of counties and several hundred municipalities. This diversity of jurisdictions has proved one of the greatest handicaps to the development of the Port and the welfare of its residents. It has fostered rivalry and jealousy between sections of the district and it has been the chief factor in retarding the consciousness of the economic unity of the region among those living in the metropolitan area. The public is only just beginning to recognize that the welfare of the entire Port considered as a unit benefits each community in the region; that an improvement in harbor facilities, no matter where located, directly or indirectly affects the welfare of every resident; that an injury to the Port, on the other hand, whether due to inadequate docking space in one section or antiquated methods of handling freight in another, drives shipping to other ports and injures the entire region. Inadequate rail facilities harm merchant, manufacturer and consumer alike; while traffic congestion in the metropolitan area is estimated to be costing the residents of the region a million dollars each day.

In 1917 the State of New Jersey petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission for a differential in freight rates, so that when freight car bulk was broken further service, such as lighterage across the Hudson River, should be charged for separately. The petition was denied, but the Interstate Commerce Commission in substance warned New York that adequate facilities should be provided in the not distant future for the transportation of freight directly by rail into the various New York sections of the Port without the necessity of breaking bulk.

FOLLOWING this decision the two States appointed a commission to study the needs of the Port district and to devise a plan for its wise and balanced development. After several years of intensive study the commission presented their report and recommendations to the Legislatures of the two States, and in April, 1921, New York and New Jersey entered into a compact, consented to by Congress, establishing a public corporation known as the Port of New York Authority, a pragmatic effort — the first in American history — to handle through one governmental unit certain specific problems arising in two distinct sovereign jurisdictions.

The compact created the Port Authority as "a body, both corporate and politic," consisting of six commissioners, serving without compensation, three commissioners being appointed by the Governor of each State with the approval of the State Senate. It was given full power to purchase, lease, construct, and operate "any terminal or transportation facility" within the Port

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district, an area defined in the compact; for such purpose to buy or lease any property, real or personal, that it might need, and to borrow money either by bond issue or by mortgage. It was also authorized to petition in its own right any regulatory or other body, Federal, State or local, and to intervene in any proceeding affecting the commerce of the Port. The only restrictions imposed were that the Port Authority might not pledge the credit of the States without specific legislation; that any facility which it might own or operate should be subject to the jurisdiction of the State regulatory commissions as if privately owned; and that no action of the Port Authority would be binding without the affirmative votes of two commissioners from each State. Later statutes empowered the Governor of each State to veto any action of a commissioner from his State.

THE grant of these powers, however, did not become effective under the terms of the compact until the following year when the two States adopted a Comprehensive Plan for the development of the Port district. The statutes enacting this Comprehensive Plan still further enlarged the powers of the Port Authority. Bonds or other securities issued by it were declared exempt from taxation; it was defined as "the municipal corporate instrumentality of the two States" for the purpose of carrying out the plan and developing the Port; and it was "vested with all necessary and appropriate powers not inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States or of either State, to effectuate the same, except the power to levy taxes or assessments."

The Comprehensive Plan, as enacted into law, is an amazing piece of legislation. It sets forth nine "principles to govern the development," which are really generalizations as to the needs of the Port, and then recites in detail the location of railroad bridges and tunnels, belt line railways, and an underground automatic railroad for Manhattan Island in connection with which union terminals are to be established.

Today, the Comprehensive Plan is exactly what it was in 1922 — a piece of paper. Except for an inland union terminal freight station for less than carload lots which is about to be built in Manhattan (but entirely divorced from any underground system of distribution) not one item of the plan has been put into operation, not a single piece of contemplated construction is under way. Much of the plan, in fact, appears tacitly to have been scrapped; indeed, the annual reports of the Port Authority for the past few years devote only a few short paragraphs to minor aspects of the plan, and even these report no progress. The larger items of the plan receive no mention. But the chief factor has been the failure of the railroads to gain the coöperation of it. In the matter of coöperation lies the whole crux of the freight problem of the metropolitan region.

WHATEVER the causes, the fact remains that the Port Authority has failed so far to carry out the purposes for which it was originally called into being. Had there

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not been evolution along certain other lines, the experiment of creating such a body would have to be classed as a failure. But there has been evolution.

The growth of motor vehicle traffic in recent years has been of astounding proportions, and the motor truck has become a vital factor in the distribution of produce and other commodities, particularly in and around the metropolitan area. Traffic across the Hudson River has mounted by leaps and bounds. Today more than half the trans-river traffic uses the Holland Vehicular Tunnel, yet the ferries are carrying more traffic than they did in 1917 when the Holland Tunnel was authorized.

To meet the problem of congestion caused by this increasing use of motor vehicles, the two States determined to authorize the construction of additional interstate crossings. These could not be handled by the municipalities, and financial and political reasons made it inexpedient for the States themselves to finance the projects either by bond issues or direct appropriation. Rather naturally, therefore, they turned to the municipal instrumentality which they had jointly created, and in 1924 the Port Authority was authorized to construct two bridges over the Arthur Kill between Staten Island and New Jersey.

The following year a bridge between Staten Island and Bayonne was authorized, and in 1926 the Port Authority was directed to build the great Hudson River Bridge from Fort Washington in Manhattan to Fort Lee in Bergen County. In the laws authorizing these bridges, the power of condemnation of private (but not municipal) property was expressly conferred, and the States guaranteed that competitive crossings would not be authorized until the Port Authority bonds — to be secured by tolls — were paid off or otherwise provided for. At the same time, as the credit of such a body as the Port Authority was totally unknown, the States each agreed to advance as a cushion nine million dollars towards the cost of construction.

So it is that in sharp contrast with its failure to carry out successfully the Comprehensive Plan, the record of the Port Authority as a builder of interstate bridges has been brilliant. It has made its estimates of time and money conservatively; it has purchased wisely; and it has functioned ably. None of the delays or extravagances that so frequently mar the construction of public works was permitted to enter. Furthermore, unlike the earlier bridges constructed in New York City, which dump their load haphazardly on narrow streets and bottle-necks, the approaches for the new bridges have been planned with scientific care so that traffic may be distributed over a number of routes with a minimum of congestion. It has been the success of the Port Authority in its bridge construction that has won it popular support in the metropolitan region and assured its permanent position as a governmental agency to handle bi-state problems.

A further step in the evolution of the Port Authority took place in the winter of 1929–30. The Holland Vehicular Tunnel from Man-

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hattan to Jersey City was built by the two States acting jointly through commissions. The tunnel, so brilliantly designed and constructed by the late Clifford M. Holland, was begun in 1919 and opened in 1927. Its success has far exceeded expectations. The engineering and financial soundness of tunnel crossings has been thoroughly established. But the volume of traffic that daily pours through the twin tubes is already nearing the capacity of the tunnel. Still more interstate highways are imperatively needed. As agitation for another tunnel developed, however, the wisdom of having two distinct public bodies build and operate potentially competitive crossings was seriously questioned. At the recent sessions of the State legislatures the two bodies were, therefore, in effect, merged. The State Bridge and Tunnel Commissions, which had built and operated the Holland Tunnel, were abolished and the tunnel was placed in the hands of the Port Authority to be operated by it as agent of the States. At the same time the number of Port Authority Commissioners was increased from six to twelve, and nearly all the new appointments were made from the members of the tunnel boards, while the staff that operated the tunnel was taken over intact.

THE enlarged Port Authority was then directed to make studies and prepare plans for another vehicular tunnel to run from a point near Thirty-eighth Street in Manhattan under the river and under the Palisades with an entrance in Weehawken, to a point on the Jersey meadows, where it will connect with the new arterial highways already projected in that region. In New York the eastern end of the tunnel is to be connected, if feasible, with the Thirty-eighth Street East River Tunnel which has been authorized by New York City, thus permitting traffic to flow between Long Island and New Jersey, without once entering upon the already traffic-cluttered streets of New York.

Today, therefore, the Port Authority owns or operates all the interstate vehicular crossings within the Port district and it is likely to construct and operate those built in the future.

Before the Port Authority was authorized to construct these bridges, it possessed no assets whatsoever and no credit rating. Today it is a gigantic financial corporation with outstanding bonds and commitments of nearly $100,000,000.

In short, the Port Authority has succeeded. It is performing invaluable service for the Port district. It is handling bi-state port problems that no other single agency could handle; and that this service is not along the lines orginally contemplated, does not lessen its value.

ONE aspect of the Port Authority that has especially appealed to the public is that it has been run with the very definite policy of proving that even a government agency can be operated as efficiently as a private business corporation. Remarkably unfettered in its charter and with a definite job to do, it has, at least in its relation to bridge construction, been strikingly free of the grosser forms of politics, and has

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been run on purely business lines. The tendency has been to overlook the public nature of its functions and slight the duty that it owes the public in such matters as publicity and the focusing of public responsibility upon those who actually are responsible for the work of the Port Authority.

THIS last is a serious defect that should be remedied. The commissioners of the Port Authority receive no salary. They are able, conscientious men, but it is inevitable that their own affairs should receive much of their time and consideration. As a result more and more of the responsibility for the work of the Port Authority has concentrated in the hands of the staff, headed by a general manager. It would be a salutary change to provide that the twelve commissioners elect, subject to the approval of the two Governors, from outside their number a salaried chairman who will devote his entire time and energy to the work of the Port Authority. With a salary of $30,000 a year, such as is now paid to the general manager — a salary larger than that received by any Government official, excepting the President of the United States, and the Mayor of New York — and the prestige of being chairman of such an organization, the Port Authority could enlist the services of any of the outstanding executives of the nation. Such a change would strengthen the position of the Port Authority in public estimation and would cure its gravest structural defect as a public body politic.

It is, however, the future of the Port Authority as a governmental organ that arouses our curiosity. Has it reached the limits of its evolution, or will its functions expand still further? Is it to remain primarily a gigantic bridge and tunnel construction corporation, or will it be entrusted with still other fields of service for the region?

IT IS my belief that the future should and will see a striking development of the Port Authority. The time is already with us when the metropolitan district as such must grapple boldly with all its metropolitan problems. Some of these are of such a nature that only a central municipal instrumentality can handle them effectively, and these problems should be given to the Port Authority for solution and action; some of them at once; others from time to time as necessity arises. There is no need for the creation of similar bodies; indeed, such action would only cause overlapping and duplication of effort and expense.

Entrusting the Port Authority with new functions, however, would require the making of certain definite changes in its structure. One of the criticisms most frequently leveled against that body today is that its bridge-building activities have absorbed its entire interest and attention to the exclusion of its duties in connection with the Comprehensive Plan. Whether or not it would be advisable to subdivide the Port Authority by law into two separate departments at the present time, is a debatable question. If new undertakings are given to it, such action will be essential, not only so that responsibility may be focussed, but also that the maximum efficiency may be retained.

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Should such a development take place in the near future, the Port Authority might very advantageously be divided into four departments: one charged with the vehicular bridge and tunnel activities of the Port Authority; another entrusted with the duty for which the Port Authority was originally created, i.e., the betterment of freight distribution within the Port district; another department would deal exclusively with suburban transit; and the fourth would give official recognition and support to the Regional Plan for New York and its environs.

THIS last idea concerns the monumental plan which was inspired by the late Charles D. Norton, and financed at the start by the Russell Sage Foundation. It is the most thorough and scientific plan that has ever been devised for the development of a community. It covers not only such obvious matters as highways, bridges, parks and playgrounds, but such subjects as airports, zoning, land utilization and other matters less familiar to the layman.

The plan sets forth the development and changes that are essential to the welfare of the region where, in the future, 20,000,000 people will live in the territory now occupied by only half that number.

Population studies indicate that the metropolitan region will have attained this figure in less than forty years, and that nearly one-third of those in the area today will be living at that time. The Plan is no mere idealistic gift to future unborn generations; it is a carefully thought-out solution of problems of the present generation.

Glancing at the maps illustrating the Regional Plan, one is staggered at the ultimate cost. A further study, however, reveals that many of the proposed projects are those that different communities will undertake, plan or no plan. The Plan is in reality a composite of numerous community developments fitted into a comprehensive whole. These communities are all going to spend vast sums on improvements of various kinds in the coming decades. The question is: shall these be separate and unrelated; or shall they be woven together into a harmonious pattern, thus doubling the value and utility of each project? The Regional Plan presents the larger picture into which all local improvements can be fitted.

ALTHOUGH less than eighteen months old, the Regional Plan has already proved of service to the region. Numerous communities have established their own official planning boards, which are in constant touch with the experts of the Regional Plan. These communities are receiving suggestions and advice and are planning their improvements with an eye for the larger regional design, so that their actions may fit the general scheme.

The proposed Regional Plan department would correlate the other activities of the Port Authority; it would consult with and advise the different municipalities in the region on their local problems and on the larger matters affecting the district as a whole; and it would keep the Plan always up to date, for the Plan is not a fixed, unalterable blueprint, but must grow and change

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as the region and its problems grow and change. Regional planning is of such deep public concern that it should be supported by the States themselves and not be dependent on the generosity of individuals.

The development of the Port Authority as suggested, and its division into several departments, would make it advisable to increase the number of commissioners from each State to eight. A board of sixteen men and a chairman would be by no means too large a body for an organization of such magnitude and with such manifold duties. It might, indeed, be wise to require by statute a subdivision of the Port Authority commissioners into four committees. The members of each committee would be primarily responsible for the work and progress of one department, with power to act for the Port Authority in all matters affecting their department, except those involving the expenditure of money or questions which, in the opinion of the committee or the chairman, involved important matters of policy. These would be acted upon by the board as a whole.

It would also be advisable to increase the area of the Port District, as now defined in the compact, so as to include the entire region affected by the suburban transit problem and already included in the studies of the Regional Plan.

These suggested developments are logical steps in the further evolution of the Port Authority, and their adoption will still further increase the value of the services which the Port Authority is rendering the people of the metropolitan area of New York. But whether or not it is thus expanded, the Port Authority has already established itself as a remarkable and a successful experiment in government. It is the first attempt in America to solve bi-state problems through a single corporate instrumentality, and its development is being closely followed in many States where similar problems will shortly have to be faced.

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Nomad

By T. R. Ybarra

Fifteen Countries in Fifteen Months

I have always been a Nomad. When I was less than five years old I began to travel and I have kept it up ever since. The fact that, more than twenty years ago, I became involved in the newspaper business and showed a marked predilection for the foreign field, has made me more of a wanderer than ever. There has scarcely been a year for me during the last couple of decades which has not been plentifully besprinkled with railway tickets, steamship tickets, baggage labels, passports, letters of credit and hotel bills, made out in a baker's dozen of languages.

But never in all that twenty-year period — nor before it, for that matter — have I dashed from one land to another quite so much and at such breathless speed as during a certain year and a quarter which terminated recently.

Fifteen countries in fifteen months! That is my proud record. And I have counted only countries where I actually spent at least one night, rigorously excluding from the list those merely traversed on the way to somewhere else. Had I counted such lands my total would not have been fifteen but eighteen.

Here — in alphabetical order — are the fifteen countries visited by me in the aforesaid fifteen-month period: Austria, Denmark, Egypt, England, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Rumania, Sweden, Switzerland and Turkey.

There were also the following; but I did not spend a night in any of them, so they can not go on the list: Belgium, Esthonia and Holland.

And one evening, on a steamboat plying over the moonlit Baltic Sea, between Finland and Germany via Esthonia, I sighted the coast of Latvia — but why bring that up?

As I think back over those months I am glad that it is impossible for a human being to look actually into his mind. Mine must resemble a chessboard painted in fifteen colors. It amuses me to let my thoughts roam haphazard over what happened to me during that period of variegated wandering. For instance, as I muse idly, I see in fancy:

The Nile, opposite Luxor, in the early light of dawn. The first rays of the sun are touching the huge ruins of the Luxor Temple, tinting the lazy waters of the great river. I am being ferried across in a flat-bottomed boat

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by two brown-faced boatmen. Nothing else is stirring.

* * *

A Rumanian railway station on the slopes of the Carpathian Mountains. In front a fringe of nice little trees — an attractive feature of Rumanian stations. Peasants drinking at tables, idly gazing at the train. They wear tall sheepskin headgear and rough gaiters.

* * *

Ahead, suddenly rising above the waters of the Bosphorus, sparkling in the sunlight — Constantinople! My first glimpse of it — the glimpse everybody dreams about. And it surpasses dreams. Domes flashing in glorious light, tall minarets piercing upward, marble palaces, massive walls. And then — bustling and scuffling around the custom-house, eager individuals — alas, clad like any New Yorker! — pushing forward, shouting: "Hotel, sir? Want a hotel?"

* * *

GRAND religious procession through the streets of the native quarter of Cairo. Hundreds of strange beings carrying huge red, green, yellow and white banners, covered with fantastic designs. Bands of musicians extracting grunts and squeaks and squeals from strange wind instruments, pounding primitive drums, clashing diminutive cymbals together with tremendous energy. Standard-bearers and hangers-on of the procession getting so excited when it is held up — which occurs about every two minutes — that they jump up and down like marionettes. Whole traffic dislocated, but nobody minds.

Donkeys and omnibuses; vendors of cool drinks; vendors of horrid-looking meat patties and nuts and fruit and God-knows-what! Egyptian soldiers in khaki and *tarboosh;* natty policemen; beggars in villainous rags, many of them blind — others horribly deformed; artisans plying their trade in plain sight; individuals enjoying siestas almost under the feet of passersby.

* * *

DOWN deep in a cellar in the old part of Stockholm. It used to be rendezvous for Stockholm's Bohemians of the Eighteenth Century. Bellman — Sweden's most popular poet — used to sing his songs here, to tunes composed by himself — songs and tunes now sung from childhood to old age by every patriotic Swede. The cellar is now a restaurant. Anders Zorn discovered it, and collected funds for throwing it open to the public. Full of smoke and the smell of tobacco and the murmur of Swedish talk. Now and then there are Swedish songs, too — Bellman's.

* * *

On the way from steamer to hotel in a modern town — quite modern. Broad avenues, dusty, alive with motor traffic. People in ordinary sack suits, busy about everyday affairs. Policemen controlling traffic at crowded cross roads. Modern public buildings, modern parks, modern shops. Can this be . . .?

Suddenly, bursting into view above the sheer, bare crag that is its pedestal . . . the Parthenon!

Yes, this is Athens.

* * *

Of all my variegated assignments none surpassed for interest and

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amusement the Ibsen Centenary Celebration held at Oslo, the Norwegian capital, and Bergen, the well-known Norwegian seaport, in March, 1928. Some twenty nations sent representatives. All of them were presented to King Haakon.

FOR the ceremony, the guests were ushered into King Haakon's sanctum according to the alphabetical order of their respective countries. Our country was not listed as United States, but as America, so the American delegation came first of all. Dr. Robert Underwood Johnson, being an ex-Ambassador and otherwise also a most distinguished personage, was Number One in the list of those presented. I went in accompanied by a Norwegian-American professor from the University of Minnesota. After us, the guests were introduced in batches, according to nationality. King Haakon conversed with each batch about five minutes. Most of us were impressively arrayed in morning coats and high hats. Which reminds me:

When I got the assignment to go to Norway I was in Berlin, without a morning coat. I went to a tailor patronized, in the old Hohenzollern days, by the German Crown Prince and other tremendous swells, and proclaimed:

"I want a *Gehrock*."

(*Gehrock*, I had been informed by a man whom I trusted, was the German equivalent of "morning coat.")

The tailor seemed a bit surprised. He proceeded, nevertheless, to measure me. I told him it must be a hurry job. He promised a degree of sartorial speed which would more than satisfy me. When he had finished his measuring and I was going away, he pointed to a picture hanging on one of the walls of a man clad in a strange-looking garment.

"You will look like that," he said.

I must have turned pale. I took a good look at the garment in the picture. It was something which I had never seen on land or sea; something which would have been called a Prince Albert had Prince Albert been born when it was in vogue.

"Never!" I told the tailor.

"But you said you wanted a *Gehrock*."

"Doesn't that mean morning coat?"

"Certainly not."

"What is the German for morning coat?"

"Morning coat!"

HE PROMPTLY measured me all over again and the dreadful danger was averted. I afterwards learned that I had been threatened with the possession of a coat of antediluvian character, worn only by superannuated German savants who don't know that the calendar has moved beyond 1876.

As it was, however, I acquired a truly beautiful and up-to-date morning coat, which made me swell with pride when, on emerging from the palace of King Haakon, I was photographed by a squad of camera men, along with the rest of the Ibsen Centenary guests.

The only trouble is that I paid one hundred dollars for that coat and have never worn it since!

* * *

Dr. Johnson was so impressed by the Ibsen festivities that he wrote an

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Ibsen sonnet, which he read, on the culminating day of the centenary celebration, before King Haakon, Crown Prince Olaf and a crowd of other notables. He was kind enough to give me a copy of the sonnet in advance and I promptly cabled it to my paper in New York. Which reminds me of what befell a newspaper colleague of mine, who also, once upon a time, got hold of the text of a sonnet possessing considerable news value. As sonnets were not in the regular line of cable dispatches, he decided to query his editor as follows:

"Have full text of So-and-So's sonnet. Shall I cable it?"

And the editor answered: "Cable text of sonnet *if short*, otherwise merely extract!"

* * *

While on the subject of Scandinavia, I must not forget that renowned and redoubtable phenomenon, the *smörgåsbord*. It flourishes luxuriantly all over the Scandinavian countries, especially in Sweden. It is something like the mixed *hors d'œuvres* you get in French restaurants; but, whereas *hors d'œuvres* are merely a lot of trifles calculated to give an appetite for the main courses of a meal, *smörgåsbord* is of such copiousness and variety that, when the *pièces de resistance* of a Scandinavian meal are brought on, a foreigner is sure to be gasping feebly for breath.

But not a Swede! The *smörgåsbord*, no matter how freely he may have partaken of it, only makes him hungrier. I copy the following from my diary — it relates to Swedish meal-time prowess, as observed aboard a steamboat plying from Stockholm to Helsingfors:

"Coffee at 8:30 A.M. or thereabouts, followed by what I supposed would be a light repast but turned out to be a whale of a meal. It included:

"(1) *Smörgåsbord*, made up of some twenty items, among them bread, butter, three kinds of herring, cucumbers, tomatoes, beets, smoked salmon, boiled potatoes, cold tongue, cold veal, cold pigs' feet, sardines, radishes, cheese — capped, (as a sort of *super-smörgåsbord*) by:

"(2) *Hot fish*, liver, omelet and sausages, large quantities of each, passed from person to person *ad lib.*, and severely punished by each diner — then:

"(3) *Roast veal* (*hot*) with peas, carrots and potatoes! All this taken in vast quantities — some of the Swedes, I verily believe, missed *not one item* — and repeated often. They are gastronomic marvels!"

Which calls to mind a comedy (unproduced) written by a friend of mine, in whose family many Swedish servants had been employed, which contained this bit of dialogue:

"But she's human, isn't she?"

"No; she's a Swede!"

* * *

Accustomed as a newspaper correspondent gets to sudden orders rushing him from place to place, I really got quite a shock while I was in Bergen, Norway — not so very far from the northermost part of Europe — when I received this cable:

"How about Egypt after Ibsen?"

When I recovered my breath, I cabled back: "Okay Egypt."

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A few days later, I was dashing through Paris en route for Trieste and Alexandria.

In Paris, it was a case of speeding from one station to another, as otherwise I should have missed the Simplon Express, the only train which could get me to Trieste in time for my steamer to Egypt. I had wired to my brother, who lives in Paris, to meet me at the station — there was barely time for us to shake hands and exchange a few words.

"Anything new?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I have just become the proud father of a son!"

"When?"

"At noon today."

It was then about seven P.M.

"Just time enough to drink the young man's health in champagne!" I said. We rushed to the nearest bar. I ordered a bottle of champagne.

"To my new nephew!" I said, lifting my glass.

We tossed off the wine. Then I made a mad dash for the Simplon Express. I caught it, with hardly five minutes to spare.

Four days later I was in Egypt, surrounded by palm trees and tropical heat. And yet, a week or so before, I had been gazing at frozen fields of snow and ice, on the railway line between Bergen and Oslo! Foreign correspondents of American newspapers rarely suffer from ennui.

* * *

In Egypt I found a Crisis. The Egyptian Nationalists were very angry at the British occupying their land. The British remained very calm about it. All the British correspondents refused to get the least bit excited. They treated that Crisis most cavalierly.

One of them, an extremely saturnine Briton, who always wore a monocle, invited me to motor with him and his wife to the Pyramids. It was my first sight of the Pyramids. I was much impressed. But the man with the monocle, having lived some fifteen years in Egypt, had doubtless seen them scores of times. So they were less to him even than the Crisis. Therefore, after lunch, he subsided into a particularly comfortable armchair, and said to me, with immense solemnity:

"At the risk of being rude I shall not ride with you on a camel around the Pyramids. If my wife wishes to ride with you on a camel around the Pyramids, she may. I shall go to sleep."

He did. His wife obligingly procured me a camel and, together, we rode around the Pyramids. My camel-driver was most loquacious. He pointed to the beast that was loping along under me —

"He is a good camel," said the driver. "He is a very good camel. Would you like to know his name?"

"What is his name?" I inquired.

"Cleopatra!"

After riding around the Pyramids and getting joggled to numbness and scorched by the sun and covered with sand, we returned to the hotel. The Briton with the monocle awoke from a luxuriant sleep and motored us back to Cairo, solemn as ever, but looking much rested and refreshed. He helped me to realize why the British, who take life evenly and sedately, are so successful at running tropical lands.

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After a few days in Cairo, waiting for the Crisis to mature and explode, I got impatient and decided to take the train to Luxor, some five hundred miles up the Nile, and see the great temples there and the Tombs of the Kings. My British friend with the monocle urged me to do so, by all means.

"There will be no Crisis!" he said. So I went to Luxor, and saw the temples there, and descended into several royal tombs, and looked up my friend Herbert Winlock, who excavates for the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and surprised him so by suddenly appearing before him that he almost collapsed into the sand — and then I returned to Cairo, and still that Crisis hadn't exploded!

In fact, it hasn't even yet!

* * *

THERE was also a Crisis in Berlin while I was there. At least I thought there was. News out of Berlin, while I had been acting temporarily as correspondent, had been rather dull for some days. So when a thing looking like a Crisis came along I coddled it and nursed it and cabled to New York about it, I really got quite fond of it. But a cynical friend of mine, the Berlin representative of a big American news agency, who has seen so many crises that he doesn't even get out of their way on the street, heaped ridicule upon my head. He dubbed the thing that I was so fondly coddling and nursing "Tommy's Spoon-fed Crisis" and got me quite sensitive about it.

Finally the Crisis actually did swell up and burst. Delighted, I sent the office boy out to get a cheap pewter spoon. This I had wrapped up in several thicknesses of paper, as if it were something extremely valuable, and sent it around to my friend of the news agency with a note reading as follows:

"For use in feeding the next near-Crisis."

Then I sat back, trembling, waiting for the inevitable repartee from my friend. For he is one of the cleverest wits in Berlin and never fails to get the last word.

It didn't take him long to get even with me. Meeting me in a famous Berlin restaurant, the day after I had sent him my little token, he said:

"By the way, the head waiter here has just told me there is a spoon missing. They're making inquiries about it. Hadn't you better lunch somewhere else?"

* * *

IN VIENNA there was an amusing instance of the extraordinarily varied life led by American newspaper writers abroad. I was in an automobile with another American newspaperman, being shown by a Viennese the ravages caused by several days of street rioting. But it happened that we two Americans had something else on our minds.

I had been in Mexico three months before. He had been there two months before. And this is what he said to me, as we motored past the blackened ruins of the Vienna Law Courts, almost burned to the ground by the mob:

"I tell you Calles could never have done that unless Obregón. . . . Etc., etc."

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And this is what I said to him, as the driver of the car sought vainly to interest us in the bullet-holes with which the façade of one of Vienna's stateliest buildings was pock-marked:

"If Obregón hadn't told Calles. . . . Etc., etc."

The next time the two of us met was in Berlin. He was on his way from the Balkans to the Riviera. I was en route from Athens to Denmark.

* * *

There is no denying that sometimes this mad jumping from one country to another gets a bit on the nerves. Even one (like me) suffering from the acutest known form of *wanderlust* has moments when he envies statues because they never stir from their pedestals; when he wishes he were one of those marble figures, whose job it is to lie flat on their backs across sarcophagi, for an indeterminate number of sweetly somnolent centuries.

Yes, there were times during that hectic year and a quarter of my life when I thought I would willingly exchange "fifteen countries in fifteen months" for "fifteen months in one country."

Nevertheless — I have booked passage on another transatlantic steamer!

Egypt

By Mary Brent Whiteside

Here night is a magician, careless with his tricks,
For eye and ear are too entwined with mysteries,
When sound and odor, past and present, mix.
Beside the unforgetting Nile,
And down somnolent mile on mile,
That knew Osiris and old hymns of his,
Men chant together, young and old,
Under Egyptian stars of smoldering gold,
"There is no god but Allah, and his prophet is . . ."

In Cheops' very shadow, one may sip
Pale brew of China, from an Austrian cup,
And watch dusk drink the tinted shadows up,
That cross the desert's edge, on stealthy feet, and slip
Into the outer dark. Beneath a lemon tree,
Embowered in geraniums pink and white,
An English poet sips his tea,
And through the subtleties of changing light,
Punctures the bubble Time, to seek Eternity.

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Rendezvous

A Love Story Imported From Champagne

By Charlton Lawrence Edholm

"So this is Champagne! The country I've heard so much about! Champagne, where the fizz comes from!"

"This is it, Marty. Now that you see it, how do you like it?"

"Not so hot, Joe. Not so hot! It's a pretty country at that, but it ain't gay like I thought it was goin' to be."

"Gay? Oh, boy! I sure like that one! How do you expect a country to be gay when it's all shot to pieces? Shell holes and smashed-up farmhouses everywhere you look. What is there to be so gay about?"

"Aw, you know what I mean," answered Marty Walsh with a vague wave of a heavy, muscular hand. "When I was a kid in Brooklyn, I always thought that France was the country where everybody was dancing an' out for a good time seven days a week, nights included. An' when I thought of Champagne, I always had a sorta picture in my mind of high-kickers — girls with come-hither eyes an' all that sorta thing. It ain't like that at all."

The two soldiers, American youths who had enlisted in the Foreign Legion in 1914, looked up and down the village street, the winding road that led from the hills and vineyards through St. Osyme and out of the town to the vineyards again. A soft autumn haze enveloped the slopes where grape pickers were busy with their baskets and the woods above the vineyards were tinted in pastel shades, for already the leaves had begun to turn. Such a feeling of peace was in the air that the groups of soldiers wandering through the village, the *camions*, field kitchens, guns and other evidences of war seemed unreal. St. Osyme had not received much punishment compared with certain villages nearer Rheims, and only a few houses and barns had suffered. The venerable church still raised its stone tower above the age-mellowed tile roofs and its bells sounded a plaintive note every hour.

"It's a pretty country, all right, but it ain't gay," said Marty once more. "I expected when I got here to drink fizz out of barrels, but nothin' doin'. The wine ain't so much and I've hardly spoke to a girl. Now I'm goin' out to see what the mamselles are like. If the French girls from the Champagne country are a frost too, then I'm certainly

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sunk. All I can say is, there ain't no Santy Claus."

"Good luck, Marty," answered Joe Burchard, turning to retrace his steps.

"Ain't you comin', kid?"

"Not me. I'm going back to that barn where we left our packs. Got to wash some socks and things."

MARTY WALSH, glad for the brief liberty after the intolerable dirt, misery and smell of death of the trenches, strolled out of the village and up a narrow path to the woods overlooking the vineyards. Like a dim blue shadow far away he caught sight of the majestic cathedral towers of Rheims and almost as dim and shadowy came the murmur of songs from grape pickers beyond the shoulder of the hill.

Marty followed the sound along the fringe of woods, keeping to the old, well-trodden path. It led him out of sight of St. Osyme to another slope where at some distance a score of busy figures were working among the vines and singing a gay harvest song as they gathered the bunches of nectar-filled grapes.

A rough grotto of uncut stones was half concealed in a sheltered spot on the edge of the woods, a shrine built centuries ago, perhaps, and in its hollow a carved Madonna stood, blessing the vineyards with her gentle smile and pale, outstretched hands.

Near the spot, Marty sprawled out lazily and let the late afternoon sun beat upon him. It felt good after the wretchedness of the dugouts. Far away the sound of cannonading vibrated in the heavy air, but it no longer seemed terrifying to the soldier who had recently been in the thick of the fighting. Then it had been a horrible, ear-splitting turmoil; now it was like the rumble of a retreating storm. He was willing to forget the war — until his company was ordered to the front line trenches once more.

It occurred to his healthy appetite that a few bunches of grapes would make this hour of satisfaction complete, and cautiously getting to his feet he entered the vineyard. The luscious fruit was abundant. Marty ate greedily and gathered handfuls to take with him. Then as he started back to his resting place by the grotto, a girl suddenly confronted him.

LOUISE was flushed from her work and tiny beads of sweat lay in the soft curve of her throat. Her body was strong and active; her face tanned and beautiful by all rustic standards; her dark eyes had a flash of spirit and a sparkle of mischief that to Marty Walsh seemed more tempting than ripe grapes.

"Ah, you rascally Légionnaire!" she exclaimed, catching sight of his loot. "Is this the way you protect us from the Prussians? Eating up all the grapes! Good for nothing!"

She was laughing, and Marty, blushing to the roots of his yellow thatch, saw that she did not mean to reproach him for pilfering. He answered her as well as his French would allow, not fluently but to good purpose. Around his blue, good-natured eyes were wrinkles of laughter and desire.

The girl pleased him. She was just his type, so strong-bodied, full breasted and tingling with the zest of life. Marty tried out on her all the

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careless phrases of flattery and banter that he had heard his comrades fling at the peasant girls, and Louise seemed not displeased. On the contrary she retorted with village repartee and only hesitated when Marty's odd pronunciation of the words made her stop to guess his meaning.

"Ah, you rogues of the Legion!" Louise cried. "You go all over the world making love in every language until you forget your own."

"Forget what?"

"Your mother tongue. What funny French you speak! Did you learn that in Morocco or Tonkin?"

"What would I be doing in those places? Brooklyn, that's where I hail from. Good old Brooklyn."

"Brook — lyn? What colony is that? Near Tonkin, perhaps?"

MARTY laughed. "Ha, ha, that's a hot one. You're one great little kidder! Say, Brooklyn is the high spot of America. New York is a sort of annex to it. You've heard of New York? America? That's me. I'm an American, see?" He tapped his chest, expanding it under the tunic of the Legion.

"Ah, American! I know all about the Americans. All millionaires! You are trying to make a fool of me, my little soldier."

"I'll show you! You think I'm lying. Well, I'll prove I'm not. See that! Here's a present for you."

From his pocket he drew a brass cigar cutter with the Brooklyn Bridge stamped on one side and the Woolworth Building on the other. Under the bridge was inscribed, "Souvenir of Coney Island," and on the reverse, "Louie's Café. The biggest beer in America for a nickel."

The peasant girl seized it eagerly, dropping her basket while she held the trinket in both hands. The bridge, the proud, tall building and the word "America" were all familiar. She had seen them on picture post cards.

"Then you *are* an American after all!" Louise exclaimed, slipping the shining treasure in her bodice. "You are not fooling me?"

"Foolin' you? I'd never fool you!" cried Marty, and with a hasty glance around, he seized the girl by her firm waist and planted a resounding kiss on her cheek.

LOUISE squirmed, wriggled and pushed him away, but not until his mouth had met her laughing red lips did she exert her full strength and shove with such unexpected vigor that the youth went sprawling.

"Jees!" exclaimed Marty in wholehearted admiration. "You girls come full size and full of pep over here. Gosh, kid, you got arms like a blacksmith!"

He scrambled to his feet, advanced on her and smilingly flexed her arm to make the biceps bulge. The muscles were firm and elastic under her skin, which was soft and warm to the touch of his caressing fingers.

Having demonstrated that she was not to be taken by force, Louise submitted to this openly admiring action with a gratified smile. No other grape pickers were in that part of the vineyard, the warm autumn afternoon sun made her inclined to rest. Louise picked up her basket and allowed the young soldier to lead her to the fringe of woods, where, nearing

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the grotto, she bent the knee and crossed herself, hastily passing on. Not far from the shrine they rested and Marty talked to the girl, as she sat a little distance away from him. He told her about the glories of the great city overseas, with buildings like the spires of Rheims, a whole city of cathedral spires. And of Broadway by night, glittering as if all the stars of heaven had been poured into its wanton lap; and of Coney, a riot of jazz and joy.

She was silent, wondering, like a little girl listening to fairy tales.

LOUISE asked him why he, an American, had strayed so far from that delectable land and how he happened to be in the Legion.

"That's easy," he explained. "I was chauffeur for a rich guy, a millionaire, see? He was ridin' all over Europe in his own car, or expecting to, and took me along to drive the bus. Matter of fact, though, he only got as far as Paris. See? He liked the brand of liquor there an' his missus was wild about shopping. That lasted quite a while. Then the war broke, an back they went in a hurry to home, sweet home. Me, I didn't want to go so much. I'd never seen a war an' thought maybe I'd never get another chance. So why not take it?"

"And you enlisted in the Legion?"

"Sure. That's it. I knew a little of the lingo from parley-vooing with taxi drivers an' such. And I batted around with a guy named Joe Burchard, another chauffeur who had been here a good long time. So one day Joe said, 'Boy, let's join up an' save *la belle France*,' and I said, 'Sure.' So that's the way it goes. I'm saving France an' now it's up to you to save *me*."

"Save you? From what?"

"From being blue, kid. What I need is a little lovin'."

"Love?" She laughed in his face as, flushed and eager, he leaned over and tried to take her in his arms. Lightly she sprang up and eluded him, delighted at this rough coquetry.

But only a single, hasty kiss she allowed him before snatching her basket and backing away.

"No, no!" she cried. "No more. I must go now."

AT THAT moment she seemed the most desirable woman he had ever seen. He was wild to possess her, inflamed by the girl's youth and gaiety and vitality.

Her resistance, too, spurred him to desire and coupled with this was the unformed wish to hurt her; to possess her and fling her aside.

But Louise was obdurate. "No," she repeated again and again. "No, I tell you, No!"

"Tomorrow?"

"I must work. The grapes must be gathered."

"After dark then. I can get leave till eleven."

She laughed at this and shook her finger at him. "But what do you take me for?"

"The sweetest girl I ever laid eyes on. I'm crazy about you!"

"And you don't even know my name."

"No matter. You can have mine," cried Marty.

He had not meant to say that, but it slipped out. The girl's expression changed. She looked at the boy with

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a serious gaze, her eyes dark, luminous and humid.

"My name is Louise Bossert," she said. "I live with my uncle, Antoine Raudin. Over there." She indicated the direction, through the woods.

SUDDENLY Marty had her in his arms and held her for a breathless moment, while she relaxed, then stiffened to resistance.

"Not now. Not now," she gasped. "I will meet you tomorrow night. At nine."

"Here?"

"Here beside the grotto. Yes." The girl's voice was a frightened whisper. Abruptly she had torn herself from his grasp and with sure-footed speed was running toward the place where the grape pickers were singing.

That night in the musty straw of the billet, Marty was telling Joe Burchard of his encounter and the anticipated triumph.

"Easy pickin'," he boasted. "She didn't need much coaxin'."

Joe yawned. "To hell with skirts!" he said. "I don't trust 'em." He changed the subject abruptly, "Say, did you see that whitewashed wall at the other end of the village? All marked up with bullet holes it was."

"What about it, Joe?"

"I saw some peasants goin' out of their way to spit on the mounds under that wall. Then I went closer and saw what somebody had scratched on the wall with a burned stick. 'Death to traitors.'"

"Yeah?"

"It's where a couple of spies, Frenchies at that, had been stood before a firing squad. They were planted there under that wall."

"Well, what of it?"

"I dunno. It seems sorta ghastly, spittin' on their graves an' all."

"They had it comin' to them," said Marty indifferently. He turned over and pretended to sleep, preferring to think about the buxom girl he would hold in his arms within twenty-four hours. So warm, so full of life! Smelling like ripe, crushed grapes. His dream was sweet.

THE next day was crammed full of tedious duties. "Rest," they called the period back from the trenches, but it was mostly dull, hard work and discipline. Marty was lucky to get leave, for he was so eager that he would have risked encounter with a patrol to spend one delicious hour with Louise.

The grass near the grotto was still warm from the sun of the afternoon as he crouched there listening for her footfall. The rustling of the leaves, the sighing of the earth, the confused noises from the village, rattling of harness and clinking of weapons came to his impatient ears, and far, far beyond them, the intermittent rumble of the big guns.

Sullen red glares, low in the sky, told where the stubborn battle was raging, the bombardment that seemed as if it were without beginning or end, like some natural force, an eternal curse laid on humanity.

Well, he was free of the war for a couple of weeks, thank God. It was easy to forget that nightmare in thinking about Louise, in thrilling at the contact he anticipated — in wondering why she did not come.

The minutes dragged on and the hours were centuries of baffled longing. The few lights in the village were

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extinguished; the church bell gave melancholy reminders that his hope was a delusion. The girl was teasing him, Marty thought, making him wait to enjoy the sense of her power. She was torturing him. He cursed inwardly. By God, she should suffer for it! The time was almost up, now. He was due to report in ten minutes. He could just make it by running. A few minutes longer he waited, knowing that she would not come, and that if she did, it would be only a tantalizing encounter, then with a muttered oath at himself for being such a fool, Marty started running, stumbling down the hill toward the village, making a short cut through the vines. The tough roots caught at him and the uncertain footing made him sprawl headlong more than once.

In his hurry he made as much noise as a horse crashing through the vineyard, and the noise of his flight was all the sound that Louise heard when she halted, breathless, at the edge of the woods. The girl understood what had happened and tears of disappointment filled her brown eyes. She was panting and her skirts had been torn by the brambles in her race against time.

The boy had waited for her, now he was gone. She called after him, "Little soldier! It was not my fault I was late. My uncle kept me in the house."

There was no answer. Only the crashing footfalls receding.

Louise cried, forgetful of possible eavesdroppers, "Tomorrow night, little soldier. Meet me here tomorrow night."

She thought she heard him reply but could not be sure. Her soldier could not come back. Not that night, it was certain. The punishments in war time were terrible, she knew.

In the silence of the night she could hear her heart beating and laid her hands over it. Then far, far away rumbled the big guns like the gods when they are angry.

"Tomorrow night," she sadly whispered to herself, turning homeward. "My poor little soldier. I will make amends."

The fibres of her strong, vital body seemed to leap at the thought in a quiver of fulfillment. "Tomorrow!"

She smiled.

But the following day Louise learned with dismay that Marty's company had shouldered their packs before daybreak. There had been no warning. The soldiers had expected to enjoy their rest for another ten days. Now in the darkness they had marched back to the front line trenches. Back to where the shells tore men to shreds and the rifle bullet or the bayonet slashed the bodies that the great guns spared.

Louise felt sick at heart. She had a horrible premonition that she would never again see her little American. All her bright visions of bliss were suddenly turned to ghastly scenes of slaughter, with herself seeking among the victims for the corpse of her lover.

Bitterly the girl reproached herself for having failed to brighten his last hours of life. Why had she not defied her tyrant of an uncle and kept her rendezvous? The worst that old Antoine Raudin could have done would be to lay the carter's whip across her back. What of it? She was wrong to wait until he slept before hastening from the house.

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Over such thoughts the girl brooded that day while all around her the grape pickers sang and filled their baskets. She paid no attention to their gossip. She did not even look up when the big *Taube* passed overhead, a speck in the sky, at which her friends shook their fists and hurled shrill insults. Her hatred of the enemy was swallowed up in the abyss of her hatred of the war, and that hatred in turn was engulfed in the sorrow of frustration. Now she could never make amends to her little soldier for the disappointment her cowardice had caused him.

All day such thoughts tortured her, and late that night she stole silently from her bed to keep rendezvous with a memory and a regret.

Twigs crackled underfoot as the girl stole through the dark woods, herself a black shadow in the night, with a shawl over her head. Hardly a sign of life. A rabbit that ran suddenly at her approach startled her and caused her heart to leap, though she was not easily frightened. But tonight her brooding had made her timid. Visions of her soldier torn by those insatiable guns floated through her mind. The village was ominously dark. All lights out. Not a gleam anywhere to relieve the blackness. And the guns again. Were they more furious than usual? Or did sounds carry so that they seemed to roar with redoubled fury? Louise shuddered.

"You are being a coward again," she reproached herself. A breeze stirred the branches and swept a few dry leaves across her face. In a senseless panic she quickened her pace and was relieved to see the goal of her midnight journey only a few yards away.

Faintly glimmering in the darkness was the pallid outline of the Madonna, standing in her shelter of rough rocks and blessing the vineyards with hands so frail and white, yet so potent in warding off evil.

Before the shrine of her little pilgrimage, Louise knelt and drew a wax candle from under her shawl, with a fervent prayer for her lover's safety as she lighted it. Twice the wind blew out the flame. Each time she relighted it and shielded the taper with her hands as she placed it with great care where the smiling face of the image looked down upon it. Humbly the girl gazed upward with low-voiced supplications. With a feeling of sacrifice she drew from her breast the small brass object, "Souvenir of Coney," and laid it at the feet of the Madonna. Then she resumed her murmured prayers.

There was a crashing noise in the woods near by. Men shouted hoarsely. A challenge, a command! The click of gun locks. The dreadful litany of war. In a panic, Louise sprang up. She was stiff from kneeling for she knew not how long, and blindly she started to run. Again the imperative voices, distant but menacing, then a rasping order, the sharp rattle of a fusillade and a shock that threw the girl to the ground with the noise of rifle fire still splitting her ears. The noise faded into oblivion. The girl heard no more. Saw no more.

It was stark winter when Marty's company was once more billeted in St. Osyme. He had been one of the lucky ones, he and Joe Burchard. His squad had been almost wiped

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out. His company had lost fully half its men. Those Légionnaires knew how to take punishment, no doubt of that. Marty had been at the front more times than he could count and back to rest at intervals, but always in some other village.

WHEN he saw St. Osyme again, it was like going into strange quarters, the church was a rubbish heap. The street was almost totally destroyed.

Some of the owners, with the stubborn tenacity of the French peasant, had returned after the shelling and built shelters of some kind among the ruins. Others whose property was intact preferred to stay in their homes, exposed to another bombardment, rather than seek safety elsewhere. They had bitter curses for the enemy and worse maledictions for the spies who had caused the long-range batteries to shell St. Osyme.

An old peasant told Marty about the bombardment that had followed a spy hunt. The fellow, who was gnarled as an ancient vine stump, was garrulous. "It happened the same week you left," he explained. "The big guns got the exact range from the accursed *Taubes* and shelled us without warning. Some say that spies signalled the enemy when troops were quartered here. I don't know whether it was true or not. The patrols were on the lookout for lights and shot without mercy."

Marty listened without undue excitement. A few peasants executed as suspected spies! That was but a drop compared to the river of blood that flowed where he had been.

But another little matter in St. Osyme remained in his mind. He asked with assumed indifference: "Old fellow, do you know a girl around here named Louise Bossert?"

"'Toine Raudin's girl? Of a truth. She was one who was shot."

"Shot? Killed? My God!" Marty's weathered face turned pale as the poignant memory of the girl's sweetness overcame him. He staggered and grasped the old man's shoulder to steady himself.

"Not killed. But crippled, worse luck! The bullet struck her here," he tapped his thigh. "She will never be much good in the vineyards or the barnyard any more."

MARTY stared at the peasant with questions in his eyes and the man went on: "Her uncle, you see, is my good friend and I know all about it. The girl was not a spy, not a traitor! That I swear to you, though there are evil tongues in the village that say she ought to have been executed."

"What — how?" gasped Marty, his lips dry.

"She was a good girl and no traitor," the peasant continued, his face reddening with anger. "Not that the patrol did wrong to shoot her. She was burning a candle in the open, the night after the order was issued to show no lights in St. Osyme. She did not halt when challenged by the patrol but foolishly tried to run away. Poor girl! She paid for her folly. Now she will never get a husband. Her uncle is distracted, for she is no longer a help but a burden. And poor Louise weeps and weeps for her lover from America."

"Where does she live?" demanded the boy. "I've got to see her."

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"I can take you to Raudin's farm in my cart," the peasant replied. "Ah, if you could only bring her some news of her little American. He was in the Legion but I do not know his name. You see," the old man said confidentially, "the girl burned the unlucky candle before the Blessed Virgin with a prayer for her lover's safety. She was unhappy, you know, because she had failed to keep her rendezvous."

AN HOUR later a creaking cart drew up at the Raudin farmhouse, and Marty jumped out and ran into the kitchen, where Louise was sitting, a crutch beside her chair. With a cry of joy she sprang to meet him, forgetting her injury, and would have fallen if he had not seized her in his two strong arms.

Her eyes were flooded with happy tears. "My little American! You are alive! You have come back!"

"I have come back for you, Louise."

"Why?"

"To marry you."

"But you can't. I am a cripple. Look at that." She touched the home-made, clumsy crutch. "What sort of a wife would I make? I can never work in the vineyards or the fields."

"That makes no difference. In America we don't work the women like that. You can take it easy when you get to God's country."

They remained embraced and after a long while she asked shyly, "Did you always want me? From the first minute you saw me?"

"Sure did."

"To — to marry me, I mean?"

"To marry you! Of *course!* Say, what else did you think?" Marty put so much indignation in his words that he almost believed them himself.

The war was far from ending, and Marty was not as lucky as Joe Burchard, who fought through to the armistice without a wound. Marty left a part of himself in France, but received full value in return, so he affirmed.

A ONE-LEGGED automobile mechanic told me all the facts of this story, related them piecemeal, and in a singularly matter-of-fact way. The mechanic was an ex-service man with a job in that noisy, dusty and ill-favored section of Manhattan known as Hell's Kitchen. Finally he invited me to his flat, for after several chats in the garage we had become good friends.

The tenement, called by courtesy an apartment house, was a dingy, red-brick structure on an unsavory, truck-bedevilled street, swarming with unwashed children. But the flat on the first floor front was immaculate.

There I met a buxom, shyly smiling woman with fine dark eyes and a downy shadow on her upper lip. She was sitting contentedly with a geranium in her window, a canary in the cage and a baby in the crib. Apparently she liked New York and had brought a bit of heaven with her.

The woman rose to welcome me, murmuring hospitable greetings, and I noticed that she walked with a limp.

"Meet the missus," said Marty Walsh, with pride and affection in his voice. "Imported from Champagne. — You know, where the fizz comes from."

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Towers Scrape the Sky

By Arthur Dewing

The first of a series of three articles dealing with the public's architectural rights

Few if any aspects of America's incessant building receive less attention than the anxiety the public increasingly displays. Hurrying from one new doorway to another, ascending to newly acclaimed heights, watching steel frames rise farther skyward outside his windows, the common citizen has plainly found reason to pause at times in open doubt.

One day he sees men laboring in a stupendous excavation; almost the next, it seems, small figures miraculously tread girders twenty, thirty, fifty stories up. Always he sees new skyscrapers in process of erection, and more and more his writings and conversation are making clearer abiding discontent with much of the results. What forces are at work behind this unexampled building? How does it affect the man and woman in the street? Can skyscrapers be made in any way more useful and more pleasing? Is there a structural or economic limit to their height? On such questions the public may indeed reflect to its advantage; for architecture, that most utilitarian of arts, has acquired, in the present era, not only a new dimension but new responsibility as well.

In the modern city independence is diminishing, and a complex interdependence of interests and facilities is evolving in its stead. Transportation and other services, amusements, the very buildings in which men make their homes and work, are shared in city life today by swarms of people who purchase advantages in common at the expense of independence they formerly esteemed. The skyscraper, ever concentrating more people above the same areas of ground, gives this tendency incalculable momentum, and on the public's content with this new way of living the success of skyscrapers depends.

But if the public, accepting skyscrapers, makes sacrifices for the common good, then builders of skyscrapers, who profit by the public's need for space in buildings, should sacrifice as much. Today, though the public creates by its industry the demand that makes new skyscrapers economically feasible, furnishes a large part of the capital necessary for their construction, and occupies virtually all the space sold or rented in the finished buildings, builders of skyscrapers, intent on speed of con-

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struction, height and profit, seem rarely to consider what effect their activity may have upon the public, and to be ruled, in general, by the notion that the public, willy-nilly, should inhabit whatever buildings they produce.

Socially and economically, however, the public, the individual common citizen, has architectural rights too fundamental and far-reaching to be thus glibly overlooked. A modern skyscraper is a place where thousands of men and women spend years of their lives. It is a part of the urban landscape during the development of a whole generation, the average life of a skyscraper being usually estimated at from twenty to thirty years. A skyscraper may fairly be said to exert an influence on the minds of its occupants, residents of the neighborhood, and passers-by comparable to the admitted influence of a mountain or other rural scenery on inhabitants of the country. Moreover, building space, having become a commodity without whose manufacture city life as it exists could not go on, is admirably suited to investment of the public's savings: directly or indirectly the public supplies more than half the money used in practically all large building ventures.

THE usual form of investment is a first mortgage advanced by savings banks or life insurance companies, both of which favor this type of investment for a large part of the money intrusted to them. These institutions are allowed by law to make first mortgages up to two-thirds of the valuation of the land and the improvements thereon. Title and mortgage companies make many loans on real estate projects. Their function is to make the loans and then sell them, guaranteed as to principal and interest, either as a whole to banks, life insurance companies, or other large investors; or, as is more usually the case, in the form of certificates to small investors who purchase the entire issue in units of $100 and up. Bond houses are another large source of first mortgage funds, generally making loans which the other lenders will not make or can not make, that is, fuller loans, loans on leaseholds, etc. These mortgages are sold to the general public in the form of coupon-bearing bonds at $100 and up. While these are not specifically guaranteed, the effect is the same as if they were, because in order to sell bonds to the public the bond houses must show a record of uniformly satisfactory investment or go out of business. A few other sources for first mortgages exist: private lenders, endowed institutions, estates, and the like.

THIS is an exceedingly elementary exposition of the financing of building operations, but one can clearly see that common citizens, by furnishing most of the money, though at a stipulated rate of say 5½ or 6 per cent, at virtually no risk, still play a large and important part in the production of new buildings. And although they could hardly expect to dictate construction details, they have, it appears, a distinct economic as well as social right to buildings excellently suited to their present and probable future needs.

Why, then, except for such lim-

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ited ordinances as those enacted to regulate zoning, fire exits and sanitation, can a skyscraper be almost as much the product of an individual's peculiar quirks as his home? Why should the public receive, in general, as little rational consideration as in that other public matter, world peace?

THE dominating power behind a skyscraper is a wealthy individual, or a group of such individuals represented by a corporation. Just as the rulers and great nobles of Europe, the princes of India, and the long line of Chinese dynasts, used architecture to exalt themselves in their publics' eyes, and as the surest monument to their achievements, so do our industrial rulers act today. Architecture, as the Roman emperors knew, is first-rate advertising. But today there is this difference: whereas the Old World rulers built principally for themselves and their retainers, our industrialists are supplying a public need and, by selling space in their buildings, securing additional incomes as well as advertising from their architecture. Under government "of the people, by the people, for the people," it would seem logical that, with the people living in and to a large extent paying for the buildings erected, the new architecture, in both utility and beauty, should be designed primarily to benefit the people. Let us, therefore, rapidly survey the skyscraper architecture we now have.

Here it is interesting to note that the Woolworth Building (Cass Gilbert, architect), the first to pass the fifty-story mark, and, excepting the Eiffel Tower, for seventeen years the world's tallest building, is still eminent in the new architecture for the beauty of its lines and masses and of their unified effect. This Gothic "cathedral of commerce" is the outstanding — and one of the very few — examples of successful adaptation of a historic style to skyscraper architecture, a habit of which we shall have more to say. But the Woolworth Building is not typically American, not characteristic of the best American architecture now produced.

WHEN one considers such wholly American structures as the New York Telephone Building (Voorhees, Gmelin and Walker), the Pennsylvania Light and Power Building at Allentown (Helmle, Corbett and Harrison), or the Palm Olive Building in Chicago (Holabird and Root) — to cite but a few, and remembering that the proposed Rockefeller entertainment centre merits attention by itself — then, in fact, the claim that the new American commercial architecture is an original, important and significantly national contribution to the world seems true. Here are fresh and pleasing harmonies in form, line and decoration which express in part (nothing, one fancies, could express them completely) American ingenuity, American energy, American wealth and power, and the startling immensity of the American imagination which is able to conceive such buildings within brief months. Here, too, are buildings planned, as of course all buildings should be, with a fundamental and pervasive regard for the convenience of the occupants. In such buildings the entirely new struc-

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tural principle introduced by America, the steel skeleton, with its possibilities for superimposing hitherto undreamed numbers of stories, finds logical and satisfying expression.

LOOKING beyond such work, however, the common citizen, without whom, as we have seen, the new buildings could not be created, is not infrequently appalled. He finds disregard of thoughtful relation of building to the city, the district and the square, and to existing and probable future buildings in the neighborhood; of accumulation of adequate lot area for the bases of new skyscrapers; in short, he finds little intelligent utilization of space in already congested districts, with the result that light, air and all kinds of traffic are unnecessarily obstructed. In design he sees everywhere blank, unfinished walls; gaunt bases cut off from towers, in themselves not unattractive, by heavy, ugly cornices; pinnacles settling down on towers instead of projecting their rising lines upward to the sky; façades from which thin metal decorations seem about to peel; obtrusive, monotonous rows of windows staring vacantly like myriad ugly eyes; color applied without regard for a building's form or for color harmony itself; cheaply lavish interiors. And surely there seems prevalent little enough attention to new disposition of the enclosed spaces for the specific purpose of increasing convenience for the occupants, and to courageous experiment with new building materials.

Architecture, always the reflection of a culture, has never held a clearer mirror to the times. Highly developed industry, with its accompanying emphasis on the speed and quantity of mechanized production, that thorough industrialization which has come to be almost synonymous with Twentieth Century America, and to occupy so large a part of the thought as well as the life of the American people, is the foundation on which the new American architecture rests. The needs of American industry have made skyscrapers indispensable; the wealth created by that industry pays for their construction; and the incongruous designs of the majority of skyscrapers reflect the same heedless activity, the same concentration on output rather than results, the same elevation of industry above mankind, that have caused the year 1930 to be distinguished in American history for the extent of its industrial depression and unemployment.

AMERICAN designers, carried away by enthusiasm for America's new building form, impelled to greater and greater activity by America's new and unprecedented wealth, have become more business men than artists, more interested in mere production than in the effect of that which is produced on man. Though it may be held that they have done their best in the time at their disposal, inevitably such a best is not nearly good enough. An art alive like architecture and as intimately human can evolve significantly in this modern world only when the human element is given prime importance, and when builders, regardless of greedy finance, pause to study past and present work, and what the future is likely to require.

Skyscraper architecture today is

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piloted from Scylla to Charybdis as its designers seize whatever in the past seems handy or else place unmerited emphasis on so-called originality of thought. In all fairness it must be stated that this is not peculiar to the architects: it is the bane of every form of modern art. Let us concede America's current contributions to the world of art, particularly in architecture, to be enormously important. Still, it seems hardly likely that the past and other contemporary peoples have nothing we may profitably learn. Not that designers should copy blindly: an Italian Renaissance palace or a Greek temple plastered on a skyscraper is an abortion and an affront.

But neither should they presume to disregard fellow craftsmen in their art entirely and produce deeply satisfying work. Art does not grow that way: it has its roots in knowledge man has laboriously developed through the ages, and it flowers when watered with thoughtful imagination and a little common sense. To overlook past, and contemporary foreign, achievements in design is about as helpful to American architecture as it would be, speaking structurally, never to use the arch or post-and-lintel because the steel skeleton was invented in the Middle West.

The tested *principles* of good design and planning, as proved effective by dead and living men of our own and other lands, are what American designers need to study and to have represented to them constantly by the critics of the day. For example, if the designer instead of stealing the façade of a historic building practically in toto were to study, say the *principles* of spacing in the fenestration of that same façade, he might find considerable sound knowledge to help him in the arrangement of the windows of the building he intended to erect. Similar attention to modern French interiors — many of which fit appearance to function and achieve spareness with grace — might give America, also, modernistic interiors of which to boast. And we know of no American building planned with the logic of the Copenhagen prison (like the hub, spokes and rim of a wheel, with smaller wheels imposed upon the rim of the first, thus giving both cell blocks and exercise grounds the maximum of light and air), or any American familiar with it. Unless American designers study design as they have studied speed, unless they build in terms of the future as well as of the present, and for the public which they serve, the greater part of American skyscraper architecture will remain what it now is — a monument to thoughtlessness and futile speed.

Nevertheless, the architectural problem of the day is not how to abolish skyscrapers, as some tirelessly expound. The skyscraper, like the machine, is here to stay. Again like the machine, the skyscraper is steadily becoming more important, for not only is it now the accepted form of urban building (even in Boston which once proudly restricted building height), but the ultimate height American skyscrapers may conveniently and profitably attain can not, as we shall see, yet be stated. Any tomorrow may bring a building

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taller than the tallest known. The problem now before America is how so to adjust skyscrapers to the life of her cities, and the life of her cities to skyscrapers, how so to plan the buildings and the cities themselves, that the urban populations — the large middle and lower classes as well as the limited upper, the users of the streets as well as the residents of the buildings — may best be served. That this can be accomplished, the studies of such men as Harvey Wiley Corbett and Arthur C. Holden leave no doubt. But it can not be accomplished until men build for the public in a way that satisfies existing needs, provides unexpected advantages, and shows consideration for the future.

City Rain Storm

By Anderson M. Scruggs

Above the battlements of stolid stone
That scorn the ardor of the restless sky,
Black clouds in silent turbulence are blown,
And fall upon the buildings dark and high.

Heavy and ominous, and heavier still
They slowly grow as night comes back again;
The air hangs like a sheet of lead until
A flag mast pricks the first cold drops of rain.

Down dim, asphaltic ways the rain has won,
The straggling cars move with a muffled tread,
And gutters that were gulleys in the sun
Swell like twin streams by mountain torrents fed.

And now the thunder and the winds despair.
The long, sharp scythes of sunlight flash and gleam
The last dark cloud, and in the filtered air
Skyscrapers stand like bathers, stark and clean.

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New Models in Scholars

By Elizabeth Winslow

How Different Are the 1931 Products?

Fundamentally, of course, students have not changed. Regarded as minds, modern students would perhaps be indistinguishable from those "disciples of the wise" anciently set down in the *Tract Aboth* of the Babylonian Talmud as of four kinds: sponge, strainer, funnel, and sieve, the mental behavior of all four groups not having changed perceptibly through the centuries. Sponges, according to their nature, still suck up all things, giving back what they have received in much the same form, only perhaps a little cloudier. Funnels still are mere passageways; all they admit at the one end flows quickly out at the other, leaving not a trace behind. Strainers, in allowing the wine to run through and only the dregs to remain, still contrast unfavorably with sieves, which keep the flour and let the bran blow away. Thus did an ancient teacher symbolize the learners of all time.

His homely classification is not in the approved pedagogical language of the hour, but it is clear enough. Clearer perhaps than our I-Q's and such will be to the uninitiate some ages hence, for Talmudic metaphors have a way of outliving current formulas, not to say putting them a little to shame. At any rate, this kernel of Babylonian wisdom is still intelligible, and as applicable as when it was spoken. There is not a campus in the land at this moment but presents to the discerning its quota of sponges, funnels, strainers, and sieves.

Changelessness, however, in fundamental types of student mind, does not preclude the possibility of change in other directions equally fundamental. When we have classified the learners, we have in fact made their acquaintance not at all. And to know modern students with any degree of thoroughness, is to discover that they not only speak a new language and cultivate unfamiliar manners, but that in many less obvious respects as well, they are a company almost totally alien to their predecessors of even two decades ago. Life has moved fast in our time, and ten years is almost as a generation, with the result that those who matriculated in the colleges of the country last October were not, as students, what their fathers and mothers, or even what their youngest teachers were. For students have

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changed as rapidly, as completely and as inevitably as our civilization has changed.

To begin with, students have changed in their attitude toward their own education. The college classroom is no longer the proverbial sanctuary of learning we have been accustomed to think it is. It dare not be. Modern students do not regard themselves as in any sense set apart. They have not come as those who are about to explore a mystery. They do not feel peculiarly privileged. Nor do they bring any homage of awe to their supposedly wiser masters.

Greet modern Freshmen with a twenty-year-old matriculation address about the holy ground on which they stand and the burning bushes they are about to see, and in addition to not recognizing the Mosaic allusions, they will not know what you are talking about. Moreover, they wouldn't like it if they did. They have come to college as naturally as they went to camp during preceding summers. They are doing exactly what other well bred and fairly well to do young people are doing, and they are quite matter of fact about it. Most of them come gladly, many of them gratefully, but few if any come in that exalted frame of mind in which their parents came thirty years ago, or would have come, had college been their lot. In substitute for exaltation, these later sons and daughters bring an honest curiosity and frank interest in what they are to find. Without being irreverent, they are quite without reverence, and to talk to them about such an attitude in the precincts of learning, is to speak a language they do not at all understand. It may be a pretty figure to think of the devotee of learning putting the shoes from off his feet and entering the portals with awe, but pretty or not, it isn't done in 1930.

Confidence and self-assurance have taken the place of humility and awe, and not without some reason. Students come to college today surprisingly well informed about many things not contained in books. They have travelled, some of them widely. They have seen much and heard about more. They are very much at home in the world they live in, and have not only more practical knowledge and a more varied experience than those who teach them had at their ages, but more than many of them have yet, in certain directions.

Students are self-sufficient and resourceful to an astonishing degree. Turn them loose in a European city, and fear not, nothing will happen to them. Put them in a social situation baffling enough to a diplomat, and watch them turn it into a triumph. Let a fire break out on the border of the campus with a strong bay breeze behind it, and see what they will bring to pass in an hour. In fifteen minutes they will have organized themselves into a military unit, men and women working together with the precision of drilled recruits, operating bucket brigades, salvaging professorial treasures, administering first aid, as though they had done it every day in the year. How do they do it? Let those find out who can, admiring the while as they must. Modern students are no novices, and in matters practical they need not our counsels.

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This store of practical knowledge and this ability in the handling of concrete problems, very naturally reduce a student's awe in the presence of his teachers. He meets them frankly and respectfully, but he is not easily impressed. He feels neither abashed nor inspired. The last thing on earth he would want to be is a professor, but he is willing to go half way to meet those who are called such. And since part of being a professor nowadays is to be willing to be thus met, there has grown up between the modern professor and the modern student a give and take relationship, which would have been mildly shocking twenty years ago.

Barriers are thinner, and more easily set aside. Platforms still exist as acoustical conveniences, but otherwise they have ceased to have any meaning with the majority of teachers or students. There is of course nothing new or modern about the idea of the teacher moving his chair into the circle of the learners, and leading the group as a fellow searcher, not as an authority. Certain great teachers of all ages have expressed this as the ideal relationship, and have achieved it with their own students. The difference today is that with the ideal still dimly out of sight, in some measure all college classrooms have become fraternal in spirit, so much so that a student of twenty years ago would notice the difference at once.

There are other differences, considerably more visible to the naked eye. Important among them is the changed mental content which students bring with them as foundation on which to build a liberal education. The large body of practical knowledge with which they are furnished very naturally concerns the world of the present. Corresponding to this, there is of necessity a large vacuum with reference to those bodies of knowledge with which most college students of a generation ago were at least on speaking acquaintance, and on which a college education is still largely built. Modern students have read, of course. All young people read. But both in their guided and their unguided reading, the present student groups have read few books not produced in modern times about modern life. It is only the exceptional student who has ventured any distance beyond the limits of his own century.

This is more apparent in its details, and one body of ancient knowledge may serve for illustration as well as another. For example, modern students, in comparison with their predecessors of a generation ago, are amazingly ignorant of the Bible. They don't know whether Lazarus belongs in the Old Testament or the New, and to tell the truth, they have a very hazy idea indeed as to who Lazarus was. A certain senior, otherwise intelligent, set him down as the young man who was hanged by the hair of his head while he was fleeing from she didn't remember just what. She would have known Joseph and David and Moses and Esther and a possible two score of others, of course, but she would have known even these as names to be associated with a single hero-tale, not as personages in a connected and familiar history. Daniel in the lions' den, Jacob's ladder, Jonah and the

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whale, certainly; but knowledge almost ceases with the familiar phrases.

Try to find out exactly why there was a ladder, how Daniel got into the lions' den, who Jonah was otherwise or how there came to be a whale, and discover that these are dark mysteries mostly unrevealed to students of the present. Samson was a strong man; he had a sweetheart who cut off his hair, but that is about all for him. Not one in ten apparently has ever heard of Samson and the gates of Gaza, or can quote the riddle of the lion's carcass. Job is reduced to an adjective. He was patient, but what the great argument was about, or how it all ended, it would be safer not to inquire. With the less familiar names, it is even rougher going. Enoch and Nimrod and Naaman and Ahasuerus, or some half a hundred others that the average Sunday School child of a generation ago would have known, are something less than mere names to the majority. The prize exhibit in a certain college class of late was the failure to identify Judas Iscariot, a slip which caused the student not the slightest embarrassment. The professorial incredulity which challenged the dark night of her ignorance was incomprehensible to her. What was all the fuss about?

WHEN it comes to handling the Bible as a book, modern students are even more helpless. They can find Matthew or Exodus or possibly First Corinthians by dint of much fumbling, but it is a case of trial and error largely. The Bible does not come open in the middle of its own accord when they look for the Psalms, possibly not at the end when they look for Revelation; and as for Zephaniah or Jude, their relative geography is an absolute blank. Not that this lack of familiarity is of any importance in and of itself. It may not be, but it serves to make concrete a difference of training and background which demands to be taken into account by the modern teacher. There has always been ignorance of the Bible, of course, but even twenty years ago it did not prevail among sons and daughters of the cultured to the extent that it does today.

TO THOSE who were the inheritors of the earlier training and background, it would seem strange to come upon familiar phrases, such as the daughters of music, the wheel broken at the cistern, the wings of the morning, the widow's cruse, apples of gold in pictures of silver, in English poetry or elsewhere, and have these familiar phrases bring no associations of mood, no context, no atmosphere. It would seem that one were cheated of something valuable. If so, a number of aspirants for honors in English are thus cheated at present, for it is the unusual student only who is at home with Biblical phraseology. One student in a class of forty chose on one occasion to examine a certain poet's use of the Bible. Her work was so thorough-going as to call forth comment, which in turn led to the explanation that she had grown up in a family which still held to the custom of family prayers, and that she had heard a portion of the Bible read aloud daily throughout her childhood. Had she ever read it for herself? Certainly not. But she confessed, somewhat apologetically,

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that she had liked the sound of it. The words were beautiful. Incidentally, of course she knew all about Deuteronomy and Saul, to the mild wonderment of her classmates. She was one in forty.

With the classics it is the same story. There is knowledge of a few major figures; uncertainty, confusion, and blank ignorance concerning the remainder. The fragmentary knowledge which exists has survived from nursery versions, more or less truncated, or has been hastily gleaned from the notes in the back of the book. It has not sprung full grown and unforgettably alive from the pages of Homer. Worse still, it may even have come *via* the doubtful path of modern advertising, to which nothing is sacred. Atlas for stability, the winged sandals for speed, Venus for her silhouette; for devious indeed are the modern roads to Greece and Rome, if by chance they lead there at all. Usually they do not.

Moreover, to modern students the ancient world is all flat country, and a thousand years are truly as one day. As a result, confusions abound, both for entertainment and mild despair. If you do not wish to be told that the Amazons are a colored race living in South America, that the slaying of Goliath was one of the labors of Hercules, that Pisgah was the island of Venus, and unnumbered other heresies too terrible for utterance, ask no questions which leave the safe ground of the Twentieth Century. It is a risk to make any assumptions at all regarding the world of knowledge cultivated people took for granted a generation ago.

Least of all, is this the fault of the students. In their accustomed language, they have never had these things, meaning that they have never been required to learn them in school. How does one know what one has never had, is their puzzled query. We may as well accept the fact, and fill in the gaps as we may. Only let it be hastily. Otherwise, the teachers of the very near future will never have had the Patriarchs or the Nine Worthies either, and what will happen to the teaching of literature then, it is ominous to contemplate. Except that by that time the world may be headed hopefully toward another Renaissance.

Modern students are different, also, in that they are less at home in the world of speculation than their predecessors of another heritage. They demand that things be put very concretely. It is not enough to give them the end of a golden string. They want the whole ball, unwound in their sight, and then wound up again, to show that it is the same ball. Confucius, transplanted to a modern college classroom, might find himself very unpopular if he attempted to practise his own pronouncement, "If after being shown one corner of a subject, a man can not go on to discover the other three, I do not repeat the lesson." He might find himself repeating a good many lessons, or else he would be looking for another professorship, come springtime. His students would be summoned to their respective deans in flocks, and by that token would Confucius be known to all the quadrangles as a flat failure. His method may be the best method of the best teachers in all ages, but it simply

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does not work with modern students, take them as they come. Show them one corner of a subject only, and they will be miserable. The other three corners might as well be non-existent. Show them two corners or three and they will still be miserable. Give them all four corners, and they will take them down rapidly in their notebooks, learn them verbatim, and triumphantly return the whole rectangle of truth to you at examination time. So much so that you will recognize the sound of your own voice, and go forth to sombre thoughts. One might conceivably wish to have a talk with Confucius at almost any time, but during examination week it would be a satisfaction untold.

IT ISN'T that modern students are literal minded. Far from it. They are rather eye and ear minded and with good reason. For the seventeen or eighteen years they have been living they have been accustomed to think objectively. Most of their training has been of the objective sort, and the uncharted world of abstractions is accordingly a strange and uncomfortable place. In such a world nothing checks with their previous training and experience. They have been taught that two and two make four (as two and two very often do not), and they want to see the columns add up. They want to know exactly where they are going, and what they are going to find when they get there. The idea of knowledge for its own sake is far stranger than it would have been a few decades ago. Instead, what is the good of this or that body of knowledge? What can I do with it after I get it?

"I can't see Philosophy," a thoughtful student burst out. "It's all guesswork. What's the good of it? I don't think we should be required to waste a whole semester on it." To her surprise I agreed with her. But her satisfaction was short-lived, for I added that the requirement was possibly too short.

"Oh!" she said, and went away mystified. Her bewilderment was very real, and very understandable. Doubtless it would have taken much longer than a semester for Philosophy to make any connection with reality as she knew it, for hers was an objective world. Modern students respect knowledge which will show them the how or the why of anything, and they will follow directions explicitly. By this path they have already achieved results and they have faith in the method. In the practical world they know, one follows directions and the engine goes. One buys and one possesses. No wonder they regard the wisdom of the ages as a commodity, to be exchanged for bread; or as they put it, for a job.

THEY are afraid of uncertainty. Put several theories before them, and they will ask you to star the one which you believe. They don't wish the responsibility of a choice. For radical as they are said to be in their conduct (and that has been much exaggerated), they are singularly conservative in their thinking. They want something to hang to, and who will deny that they need it? The whole of their brief lives has been lived in a period particularly baffling and chaotic; all the more baffling no doubt because they have known many of their elders to be as unsure

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as themselves. Maybe more so, if the truth were told, for the world of those under twenty has at least always been the same, chaos that it is; whereas the world of anyone old enough to vote before 1914, vanished overnight. But that is another story. Let 1914 come into the present account only as a date. For in remarking upon the changed attitudes and equipment of these younger students, it is well to remember how surprisingly young they really are. Using 1914 or even 1918 merely as dates, ask any group of college students what they remember of the war, and let the triviality of their answers reveal how fast the years have sped. "We had vacation Armistice Day," someone will probably tell you; or "I saw a parade at night," or "The sugar was in little envelopes." It seems incredible, until we do a little counting and discover that present-day Freshmen were hardly born in 1914. They were still in rompers in 1918. Seniors of 1930 at best were in the third grade. The war, which for us closed one great era and began another, for modern college students resolves itself into a great noise and a few dim memories at a nursery window. That is to be young indeed.

NO WONDER students seem changed. They are the product of change. All their lives they have lived in a choas of warring standards. Moreover, the whole accent of men's thought to an unusual degree has been on things external and immediate. We have all talked in terms of speed, size, bulk, mechanism, during these last years, until it would be strange indeed if the surfaces of life did not appear disproportionately important. Even in our literature there has been little escape from hard actuality. Always it has been surfaces, minutiæ, things.

In view of all this, what youth in its secret heart is asking of the culture offered, youth alone knows. It is hardly in order for us whose adjustments were necessarily different because our day of coming of age was different, to be too sure of our answers where this new generation of inquirers is concerned. But from such signs as are apparent, it would seem that they have very little if any interest in a culture of the ivory tower variety. The contemplative life has gone out of fashion, and we do but waste our eloquence when we attempt to restore it to favor. The Good, the True, the Beautiful, in their ancient philosophical dress are not in vogue this season, nor likely to be for some lustrums to come. Deference and receptivity have given place to less flattering attitudes. Youth, living at high speed and with Elizabethan intensity, is in no mood to sit at the feet of its elders and say, "Tell us all."

INDEED, it may well be doubted whether youth has ever been in such a mood, save in pleasant fables. For in the realm of once upon a time we read that a certain father had five sons whom he would prepare for life. It was very simple in those days. He sent them (and in the story they went with all willingness) to a teacher in whom all wisdom dwelt. What the teacher had learned by rote he duly imparted to the five sons, until presently they too were the repositories of all wisdom. They

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were prepared for life. So successfully had the task been performed, that this precious legacy was set down in a book for other men's sons to con throughout succeeding ages. Such was the origin of the great *Panchatantra*, another ancient book of which possibly not one modern student in fifty could name one item of the content.

If it be progress to expect preparation for life to come by no such simple methods, then we have progressed. In lieu of sealed packages of wisdom so conveniently transferable and possessed of magic potencies, we talk much (and sometimes foolishly) of countless new methods, bright and shining, and intensely practical, which we have busied ourselves exceedingly to devise. And as we talk, most of us know that before these ingenious inventions have been so much as mastered, they will have begun to go gray about the edges, and to appear a little absurd. For methods in this ancient calling are of frail duration. Any method is good which can bridge the gap between the Then and the Now, and make vital for any new generation the sense of continuity in all human experience. And the best method of all is that one which cannot be used a second time, because it belongs to one moment and one mood and one student group and will never fit another. Perhaps there is some magic in the process after all.

At any rate, the calling has its high moments now and then, students themselves being the reason why. "Disciples of the wise," as the Talmudic writer was pleased to call them, may indeed be of four kinds; but if he will forgive the impertinence of a Twentieth Century amendment to his classification, it is that they are also of five, and were even in his day. Sponges, funnels, strainers, and sieves, to be sure, but sieves are a poor ultimate. Sifting may be good enough in its way, and in things of the mind it amounts to one of the fine arts, difficult of mastery; but sifting is a poor figure to suggest the best that youth can do with the wisdom of the ages. For when the flour is ready to be sifted, the stalk has been long dead. Modern metaphors being feeble in comparison with Babylonian, let none be attempted, but suffice it to say that those who justify the existence of all colleges, ancient and modern, are those to whom knowledge is a seed planted, not a harvest reaped; a beginning, not an end. Ask any modern college teacher whether there be not a few such in any company of these strangely different "disciples of the wise," New Style.

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Donn Byrne's Ireland

By Thurston Macauley

Some day I should like to write a book on Donn Byrne's Ireland, a small volume of not too many pages to be slipped into one's pocket. Mind you, not a guidebook — detestable word! — although it might serve a useful purpose by steering a course for those to follow after him who held that land so dear. I should not hesitate to make it clear that he who went in search of the Ireland of Donn Byrne would have no difficulty in finding it. For me, at least, his books made my first visit all the more poignant, and I am sure the reading of them did much to heighten my appreciation of the country, enabling me to see through his sensitive Gaelic eye, ever sensitive to beauty, things to which my own, accustomed to a prosaic modern world, might have been blind.

Such a dissertation had better begin with Dublin, and in all the Irish capital you could have a no more fitting starting point than the back room of Davey Byrne's public house at No. 21, Duke Street. Liam O'Flaherty, in his ironically titled *A Tourist's Guide to Ireland*, says "there is no darker stain on our national honour than our public houses," but quickly clears Mr. Byrne's excellent house of any possible blame in this connection: "There is a house where one may find good company and good liquor at any hour of the day or night, and a good host into the bargain."

If you stay at the Shelbourne on St. Stephen's Green, Davey Byrne's is within easy reach, up Duke Lane and through a winding whitewashed passage right into the little back room, long a favorite haunt of Irish *literati*. For his *Stories of Old Ireland* Sir William Orpen drew a sketch, "My Brother and Myself Have A Pint In Davey Byrne's" and Davey Byrne asked the artist for the original of it. It had already been given away, however, but Orpen sent him a proof, together with a copy specially drawn, both now framed and hung on the wall. Davey Byrne's is to be found in *O'Malley of Shanganagh* and other Donn Byrne tales under the name of Davey Burn's, for he, too, was fond of the back room and often met his friends there after he had been to the races at Leopardstown or The Curragh or when the Horse Show was on at Ballsbridge. There is no connection that I know of, beyond the common name, between publican and author.

Across St. Stephen's Green, on the opposite side from Davey Byrne's,

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are the buildings of the National University where Donn Byrne took a master's degree and won for himself the title of lightweight boxing champion of the University. Life for a young Dublin University student then was much the same as that of which Charles Lever wrote in *Charles O'Malley*, an Irish novel especially beloved by Donn Byrne and one which should be read by all who are interested in the literature from which he sprang. You can go down the quays along the gray waters of the Liffey, "where the bookstalls are as numerous as in Paris": there he would browse for hours on end among dusty volumes concerning the old days in Ireland which he sought to recreate in his own.

But it is the Irish countryside, rather than the towns, that Donn Byrne has sung the praises of, not the least of which is that about Dublin:

> Southward of the city is loveliest Ireland, Rathfarnham, Milltown, and the singing Dodder, the blue peaks of the Sugar Loaves, Two-Rock and Three-Rock Mountains, and there are little lakes in the hills. Further south still are Avoca, where the waters meet, and Glendalough of the early Christian churches, the blue gorges of the Wicklow Hills. Because Killarney is near Cork, which is near London, and the Giant's Causeway is near Belfast, which is near Edinburgh, they are extolled as the beauties of Ireland — but tourists are always an unseeing folk.

This is from *O'Malley of Shanganagh*, a story that surpasses jewels. When Donn Byrne forsook America, where he had made a name for himself with *Messer Marco Polo* and *The Wind Bloweth*, he lived for some months in an old Georgian house in that lovely country just outside Dublin. I rode to Donnybrook atop a rollicking Dublin tram — not unlike riding on an elephant's back — then walked the rest of the way to Montrose along the Stillorgan road. The woman at the lodgekeeper's house beside the big gate remembered Donn Byrne well: "Sure and it was for the racin' season he was here," she said when she showed me about. No description of the place I might possibly give could touch that in *O'Malley of Shanganagh* — for Montrose *is* Shanganagh — so I had better remain silent. Across the road from Montrose there is a convent which I felt certain must have been the inspiration for that tragic book and perhaps among the nuns he saw there his Sister Ursula.

There were exciting days — and nights — while Donn Byrne was at Montrose, for that was in 1922–23 during the "trouble." Nevertheless, he was not in the least deterred from writing his "book of Ireland for Irishmen" — *Hangman's House*. The fact that "much of it was written at night behind iron shutters, and many a sentence has been interrupted by the roar of land armies and the rattle of machine-guns" probably accounts for the under-current of Irish rebellion running through it. I like this narrative especially, however — and I think all sportsmen agree — for its fine descriptions of the race and the hunt. Here as in *A Party of Baccarat*, his latest posthumously published book, you see him in excellent mettle, capable of doing his best with those things, such as horseracing, prize-fighting, and gambling, that he delighted in most of all.

He lived, too, for a time at another place near Dublin, Greythorn on

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Glenageary Hill, with the blue Wicklow Mountains in the background and overlooking Kingstown (Dun Laoghaire) where the Holyhead boats arrive and Dublin Bay. Here he wrote his *Blind Raftery*, of Connaught, the west country, and Galway, City of the Tribes — "the drowsiest, most magical, most Irish of towns."

IRELAND is so small that you can cross from east to west in but a few hours, and the journey from Dublin to Galway, whether by road or rail, is one well worth taking. Some, however, prefer first to set foot on Irish soil on the rugged west coast, taking a ship that puts in at the old port of Galway, where still lingers a flavor of the days of trading with Spain. This blend of two romantic countries is admirably pictured in the tale of the blind harper, Raftery, and Hilaria, the Spanish woman.

You may try, as I have tried, to find Destiny Bay on your map of Ireland, but you will try in vain. No; that Ulster cranny to which "it is good for body and soul to wander back" is not down in black and white, but that is no reason for thinking it doesn't exist. It does, and Donn Byrne has given it life, form, and color in his fine book of stories which appeared after his death under the title of *Destiny Bay:*

> There are in all, I should say, thirty square miles of the district of Destiny Bay, but so far from everywhere is it, so little is there of trade there, that except for the gypsies, it is the most unfrequented spot in all Ireland. And yet no place in Ireland is so beautiful, no place in Ireland so strange.

Near the house is Ballyfale, small village of ten houses, of which seven are licensed to sell beer and spirits, "for the road between Derry and the Highlands of Donegal is a long road and a droughty one." This is the Ulster that Donn Byrne knew as a boy, although he was not called by that name then, but Brian O'Beirne.

HIS mother and sister now live at Ballymascanlon in County Louth, just over the Armagh border. "My family has been at the foot of the Slievegullion Mountain for as far back as Irish records go," Donn Byrne said. "Indeed, much of the surrounding territory is still in the hands of uncles and cousins. . . ." He grew up in Armagh — where his family returned from New York soon after he was born — for a long time the political as well as the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland. St. Patrick founded the town of Armagh and there are numerous relics of the olden days in the Protestant Cathedral, which stands on the supposed site of St. Patrick's first church. Brian Boru, High King of Ireland, was buried there after the battle with the Danes in 1014. Navan Fort, the ancient Emania, with its memories of still earlier kingships, is but two miles from Armagh: founded 300 years B.C. by Queen Macha, the Kings of Ulster held court there for centuries. Thus, when you consider these strong influences that were about him as a youth, it is, indeed, not surprising that Donn Byrne should, in his writings, have been so deeply concerned with Gaelic lore and tradition.

"Antrim will ever color my own writing," he wrote in his tale of Marco Polo, told by old Malachi Campbell of the Long Glen: "all

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these words he spoke, were native, had the same tang as the turf smoke, the Gaelic quality that is in dark lakes on mountain summits, in plovers' nests amid the heather. . . . And to remember them now in New York, to see him . . ." Venice and the East through eyes of the Gael. Here I would digress this once, if I may, to tell you of the pleasure that was mine recently when passing down a narrow, twisting street in old Venice, suddenly to come upon a little bookstall displaying all the familiar Irish tales done into Italian. But especially was I delighted when the bookseller told me the Venetians enjoyed *Messer Marco Polo* most of all. Better tribute that, than any reviewer's sugary words of praise, however well meant.

At Larne — "where some swine named a hamlet Waterloo" — begin the Nine Glens of Antrim. Near Cushendall is Ossian's grave, and to the north is Cushendun, once the home of the beloved poet Moira O'Neill. There also, from his fourteenth year, Donn Byrne spent many days with Miss Ada McNeill, who was helping to organize the Feiseanna among talented youth of the Glens. The American born, but none the less Irish for it, boy aroused the envy of the local competitors by winning many prizes in the festivals.

Cushendun and the Glens of Antrim are the Ulster background of *The Wind Bloweth*, which of all his books is the one I like best to remember him by. Wee Shane Campbell, you may recall, is given a day off from school at Cushendun on his fourteenth birthday, when he climbs to the top of Slievenambanderg to see the miracle of Dancing Town, that is called Fiddlers' Green, mirrored in the air high above the Moyle: "Aye, Fiddlers' Green! Where is it, and how do you get there? The sailormen would give all their years to know." From that moment Shane knew he would go to sea, and while he wanders the world over he never sees his Dancing Town again, although once or twice he thinks he has raised it on the horizon. A great and absorbing story told with all the Celtic magic that flowed from Donn Byrne's pen.

"Come back to where you were born, and rest, and get strength. . . . This is a deep thing . . ." Shane Campbell feels that clear call across the world, as did Donn Byrne himself out in America: "though I was born in New York, and lived there in my twenties, yet Ireland is my home. I have and always will have, please God, a roof-tree there." He went back then to write his *Hangman's House* "in the middle of the flames that were burning the country I knew and loved."

To me, one of the tragedies of Donn Byrne's all too short life is that only three days after his return, as its proud owner ("I'm so glad to have a few feet of Irish earth to call my own"), to Coolmain Castle, which had already been rented for two happy summers, he met his untimely end. When I was there more than a year later, the road near Coolmain where his car plunged into Courtmacsherry Bay was still unprotected: the sea wall, worn away at that spot by the incessant pounding of the Atlantic, had even then not been restored. In fact I learned

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there had subsequently been several more accidents at the same place, although fortunately without fatalities.

I have said elsewhere that I heartily agreed with *The Outlook's* comment upon his death: "One feels that he had his best work yet to do." His last book, *Field of Honor*, written mostly at Coolmain, convinced me of that, as did his plans for other books, which, alas, will never now be written. Nor could he have found a better place in which to write them than Coolmain, as rich in romantic tradition and historical association as the Armagh of his youth. The poet Spenser lived much in Cork, writing *The Faerie Queen* at Kilcolman Castle, near Buttevant, a name reminiscent of Norman days, taken from the battle cry of the Barrymores — *Boutez-en-avant!* push forward! On the coast are Youghal, and Myrtle Grove, Sir Walter Raleigh's home when Mayor of that city. Tennyson wrote part of *The Princess* in the vicinity of Ross Castle, on the Kenmare Road from Killarney. Happily, Donn Byrne's family still lives on at Coolmain and I hope may continue to do so for many a year to come.

My own pilgrimage ended in the Rathclarin churchyard, near Coolmain, where a Celtic cross, inscribed in both Gaelic and English, "I am in my sleeping and don't waken me," marks the resting place of Donn Byrne. It is high on the top of a hill, in the most peaceful Irish countryside imaginable, where the sweet tang of the peat smoke blends harmoniously with the salt breeze blown in from the open sea. As I went down the hillside I hummed to myself *The Bard of Armagh*, Donn Byrne's favorite Irish song, the last stanza of which runs thus:

Although I have travelled this wide world all over,
Yet Erin's my home and a parent to me,
Then on, let the ground that my ould bones shall cover,
Be cut from the soil that is trod by the free.

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The Divine Right of Newspapers

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

Do Crime Stories Encourage Crime?

The press of the United States inevitably suffers from the most cancerous of maladies that can affect a public agency — immunity from criticism.

Newspapers have made almost a fetish of their duty to serve as the forum for every type of attack, responsible and irresponsible, on groups, theories, individuals, methods, everything and everybody in our national political, economic and social life. To call a derogatory name, to assert a weakness or a sin (within the law of libel) is, for the detractor, to leap to the sweet refulgence of a headline.

But the great press itself, the elder brother of the movie and the radio (either of which may find itself pilloried in four-deck news displays on the indictment of no heavier a thinker than Canon Chase), goes serenely to whatever destiny journalistic fashion may impel it, uncastigated, unchastened, uncriticized, too often glamorously self-comforted with the soft reflections of an eager adulation. The business man trembles lest he arouse the wrath of a medium that can make his efforts toward a fortune assume the guise of barely legalized robbery. The creator in any form of art, if he be not independent to the point of starvation, must court approval. The politician, with that habitual cowardice induced by long and obsequious endeavor to over-balance the mob mind to his profit, kowtows to the press both openly and in his timorous heart. The home town newspaper means more to a legislator even than the party boss, and the boss himself understands and tolerates that rival obeisance.

This sacrosanctity of the press is not a light matter. It is of grave importance. Without being suspected of soliciting money from Amtorg, it is permissible to take as a premise that all is not yet perfection in the United States, a country which many love well enough to wish it even better than it is. We have not yet achieved the millennium in divers matters affecting the common good, and there are tendencies, recognizable and clear, which in the past wrought destruction to other nations and to other majestic flowerings of civilization — civilization being the concerted accomplishment of organized men to make life more happily livable.

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Whether the press is contributing to a solution of Twentieth Century problems in the United States, whether its influence is mitigating or aggravating the social cankers which tend to deteriorate a nation, has come to be a surmise virtually within the definition of *lèse majesté*. The magnificent idealism of John Milton and the rallying of intellectual minds to save the printing press from domination by selfish temporal rulers, have given to the uttered word, in black and white, a legally unassailable status and a glamour in the affections of the people, which have contributed vastly toward freedom, but which carry with them the corollary dangers of all invested power. We fear kings, we fear money, we fear all visible and weighable oppressions. Too often we forget that we are made and destroyed by intangibles.

FOR more than a year now the most exhaustive study yet made of the influence of a medium of expression on crime has lain in the gentle and innocuous entombment conferred on it by publication in *The Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*. The treatise, summing up two years of research and analysis, bears the treasonable title, *Crime and the Press*, and is from the pen of Dr. Joseph L. Holmes, of the Department of Psychology, Columbia University.

The history of this paper is significant. In 1926 Dr. Holmes was retained by a Crime Commission of weight and standing to study the relation of various media of expression to the prevalence of crime in the United States. His findings, after two years of inquiry, must have afforded an incurable shock to his employers. In the first place, he brought in a definite verdict of "Not Guilty" for the movies, which are a notoriously convenient goat in the conclusions of the seekers after the cause of all evil. This scientific departure from the stock solution of loose thinkers was in itself a tragedy. How convenient it would have been to have cried, "Ah, the movies!" Nobody would have really cared except Will Hays, and he seems too competent to need sympathy or worry about criticism. But Dr. Holmes was not content with clearing the movies. He forsook all decorum. He documented a thorough analysis of the increasing devotion of the press to detailing the technique of crime and the grandiose emotional ecstasies of criminals. Then to the embarrassing figures he appended a scientist's evaluation of the power of suggestion as incitement to human action. The Crime Commission paid him off, and consigned his report to oblivion.

DR. HOLMES prefaced his seditious findings by recitals of various "crime epidemics" in history, notably the series of mutilations of women which followed the original "Jack the Ripper" case in London in 1888, and the world-wide popularity of acid-throwing which succeeded the revengeful invention of a certain widow of Gras, in 1870. Modern swift repetitions of crime in definite classifications, such as the torch murders of New York and New Jersey, are also adduced. The author cites Lombroso, Tarde, Corre, Bonger and other criminologists (what

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brave men there used to be!) as of the opinion that the newspapers furnish both inspiration and instruction leading to such type repetitions in crime.

"A great many of the most infamous sexual crimes," Dr. Holmes quotes from Aschaffenburg's *Crime and its Repression*, "are committed by epileptics in abnormal states. The ideas of the man in his normal state, however, play a part when he is in an abnormal condition; thus, his remembrance of newspaper description of dismembered corpses, ripped open bodies, arson and murder, may turn the confused destructive fury of the epileptic into dangerous channels."

"Epidemics of crime follow the line of the telegraph," says Tarde.

DR. HOLMES makes two indictments of newspaper practice in handling crime stories. One is the wealth of detail furnished. A metropolitan journal "exposes" a poultry swindle, with the entire process described and the thought-provoking addenda that "not less than $10,000,000 a year has been cleared for the past twenty-five years by this method." The same treatment is accorded a "Glass Gem Swindle," a "Bogus Bond Robbery," an "Insurance Fraud," an "Auditor Frame-up," a "Girl Bandit Robs Bank" episode. Quotations from the press itself instance the numerous imitators who set out to duplicate the terrible crime of Edward Hickman, kidnapping and the dismemberment of a child's body.

The major indictment, of course, lies in the notoriety given the criminal and in his glorification. "Hickman Goes to Gallows, Coolly Meets Fate"; "Hickman Plays Jazz Dirge and Coolly Waits Death Call"; "Going Like a Man"; "Hickman demonstrated his fortitude." "Thus the woman who in gayer days was beautiful 'Tommy' Snyder (Ruth Snyder) died — and gamely, too, with a prayer on her lips." "Brennan maintained a superb poise to the moment of his death." "Lynch's only display of emotion in his last days was when his wife and four-year old child visited him yesterday. His last words were of them."

Sentimentalism of this type, *ad nauseam*, fills an entire chapter of the 107-page report.

When "Ruth and Judd" passed, it was "Lovers Go to Lonely Grave." A conservative New York evening paper contributed this headline, "Deep Religious Fervor is Notable Feature of Double Execution."

"DOES the criminal have prestige?" Dr. Holmes asks. "Of course he does, if he is successful, and even often when he is not successful. And he owes no small part of it to the newspaper. To have one's picture in the newspaper, to have one's name in the headline, to be described as fearless, to be referred to even anonymously as one who perpetrated a daring hold-up and got away with a huge sum of money, gives one prestige. Even when the police and papers do not know the name of the criminal he is not necessarily anonymous, for his associates in great number may know who did the 'job.' But what of the criminal who gets caught? Does he have prestige? Yes, and he has prestige with the public in general, for he is described

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and pictured in every act, especially if he shows fearlessness or braggadocio or skill in defending himself. And even if he be sentenced to pay the most severe penalty the papers will regale readers with a vivid description of the courage with which he faced death and quote his most inconsequential words."

ONE of the most disturbing features of Dr. Holmes's study is the surprising fact that the much-despised tabloids can not be charged with the burden of guilt in the news exploitation of crime. Their mushroom growth to great circulations may have spurred their competitors, but the most "conservative" of our journals profited with exemplary thoroughness by the lesson in pandering. During a test month, November 8 to December 8, 1926, *The Graphic* devoted 6,837.50 inches to crime, *The Mirror* 8,130.25 inches and *The Daily News* 10,397.50 inches. *The World* (morning) exceeded all of these (and Mr. Hearst's *Evening Journal*) by printing 10,829.75 inches of crime items, and *The Times* led the list of New York dailies with 11,498.25 inches. In number of items the record read: *Mirror*, 380; *World*, 392; *Graphic*, 421; *Times*, 461; *Daily News*, 586. Allowance for the size of the papers gives little comfort to faith in our elder pillars of journalism. A daily average of 14.10 per cent of news space was devoted by *The Mirror* to crime; 16.2 by *The Graphic;* 18.9 by *The Daily News*. *The World* and *The Times* were well up in the list with 12.64 and 15.64 per cent respectively, *The Herald Tribune* little better with 11.06. During the month (and Dr. Holmes states that the actual swing of crime is at its lowest during November) the twelve daily papers in New York printed 4,712 crime items, comprising 89,622 inches, 4,481,100 words, enough to fill six printed books of three hundred pages each. The plea that newspapers must print what happens is wiped out by the further fact that crime news does not shrink with crime volume; if there are no big crimes, little ones can be made to look big; if there is a scarcity, those that occur are expatiated upon and dilated.

DR. HOLMES's careful exposition of the sentimentalism and the fidelity to detail with which all the papers treat their crime news makes the figures as to volume impressive and significant. The facts, indeed, speak in a fashion so upsetting to the equanimity of a self-satisfied press that one does not wonder that only 111 judges, prosecuting attorneys, chiefs of police and others charged with law enforcement cared to reply to the questionnaire the Columbia professor mailed to 616, asking their opinion on the contribution of the newspapers to the stimulation of crime.

"An analysis of the replies," Dr. Holmes sums up, "shows that in the opinion of those officials the newspapers are guilty of inciting to crime; of aiding criminals in the commission of crime by furnishing them more or less exact information as to how to commit crimes; of showing criminals how profitable crime is; of aiding them in their escape from apprehension; of thwarting justice by 'newspaper trials' and otherwise making a travesty of the adminis-

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tration of the law, of the actual court proceedings themselves; of making the offender a popular hero, one to be emulated; and by omission at least, of thwarting whatever deterrent effect there may be in present penal methods."

THE investigator was impressed by the naïveté with which the newspapers seek far afield for suggestive influences on which to blame crime. He quotes one editorial gravely suggesting that scientific inquiry be launched to ascertain whether or not the weather is a motivating factor. Reading lurid fiction and going to the movies are consistently held up by the press as contributory causes.

"In *The New York World* of February 8, 1927," the report relates, "there is about one and a half columns given to a discussion of the case of 12-year old Michael Ponkroskov, who was under arrest for having shot and killed a shopkeeper while trying to commit robbery. In connection with a discussion of the boy the Superintendent of the Children's Society Shelter is quoted by *The World* as saying among other things 'that the boy has never done any reading except of the most exciting type, murder and crime stories and the full set of the *Nick Carter* series.' The writer was requested by the presiding Justice of the Children's Court to examine this boy and report to the Court his findings. It was found that the boy was of average intelligence for his age and was not backward in school. Coming as he did from a home where a foreign language was spoken, he had gotten his ideas and ideals from reading, and the daily reading matter which engaged his attention was two of the New York papers. On examination, after being allowed to make a statement, it was found that he was familiar with the detail of Red Moran's and Gerald Chapman's exploits as detailed in the papers for some months previously. The writer does not presume that there were not perhaps other influences that determined this boy's conduct, but of the part that the papers played in inciting this boy to murder there is little doubt."

RECENTLY more than a score of newspaper stories blaming specific crimes on the movies were painstakingly investigated and in no instance was an atom of evidence discovered to substantiate the published accounts. In one case a front page headline stated flatly that an eight-year old boy who had killed his chum had done so while "Playing Sheriff in Western Movie Plot." The name of the star whose acting was supposed to have inspired the killing was given, and the story set forth in detail an alleged bandit game and the supposedly consequent tragedy. Investigation brought to light that the boy's father had left a shot-gun lying on a table in a room where three children were playing. One of the youngsters walked over and toyed with it, and it was accidentally discharged, with fatal results. No bandit game, or any other, was in progress. The boy who did the killing lived several miles from the nearest village and neither he nor his parents could recall that he had ever attended a motion picture. The whole contention that motion pictures inspire crime, which has been upset by other scientific investigators in

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addition to Dr. Holmes, is fostered by such manufactured dramatic embellishments and by the readiness of the press to display prominently the "conclusions" of kill-joys and professional reformers. The existence of censorship of American motion pictures is viewed by newspapers with a lack of concern astonishingly shortsighted. It is much as if a farmer sat on his front porch and calmly smoked his pipe while his neighbor's wheat-field burned. The fire has not reached his fence and field — yet. Meanwhile, the refusal of the motion picture news reels to exploit criminals and salacious characters commands respect as one of the most remarkable instances of self-discipline on the part of any medium of expression.

THIS detailing of crime and scandal seems at least to have the economic justification of increasing circulation. Dr. Holmes gives tables of circulation figures that show a marked correlation between increases and the amount of such matter printed. The question involved in the news treatment of wrongdoing and salaciousness is therefore one of ethics and community decency.

Is it not also possible that some of the shibboleths of the press, some of the taken-for-granted axioms of the news writer, are questionable from the standpoint of effectiveness? One of the dreariest of news practices is based on the psychologically sound principle that humans are interested in rows. The negative story, the attack on something, the journalistic deification of the loud-mouthed objector to anything and everything, has come so to color the columns of the American press that often the substance of the topic at issue is wholly omitted, and the narrative waxes unintelligible. No matter how important any movement or enterprise may be to the community, the setting forth of its significance or claimed significance, the exposition of what it is all about, pales to utter unimportance in the newspaper mind beside the fact that Dingus Rowbottom Jones says that everybody in it is a crook and that it is all nonsense, anyhow. Often developments of wide general import escape news attention altogether unless they are blessed by attracting the attention of some irresponsible critic. Then they are at least mentioned.

THIS wearisome insistence that disagreement and detraction alone comprise the stuff of news finds its flower in the dispatches of the Washington correspondents of the nation's larger syndicates and newspapers. Nobody wants the observers in the Fourth Estate to write in praise of all that happens; one asks only that they give an understandable account of events and issues. The superficial method of seizing on the day's worst exhibition of taste in Congressional debate, or the most highly worded bombast from the politician who most wants to see his name in print, and letting those assumed tidbits represent the nation's progress for the day, must surely not be the ultimate achievement in the fulfillment of journalistic obligation.

Some day a good psychoanalyst will probe the mass mind of the Washington correspondents, and hurt their feelings terribly. Individually

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they are among the most charming people in an age that could do with a good deal more charm than it possesses. They are also sharply intelligent. New York papers have local plums for good men who sentimentally keep their talents in the field where they will be least compensated; but to the reporter in other American cities the Washington correspondent's berth is the heaven of realized ambition. The best man who sticks on the paper usually gets to Washington. He is good when he gets there, and he knows it.

A COMPLICATED process sets in. A vast amount of political pretense, an ocean of petty incompetency, passes before his keen mental eye. He erects and sustains an edifice of importance about the acts of the men who are from his home State. Down in the bottom of his heart, he knows that he could contribute a good deal more than they do to national weal if he had their chance. The contemplation of the selfishnesses and littlenesses of political life corrodes the beholder. A cynicism, a cheap cynicism that is degrading journalism, results. The newspaper correspondent praises where his paper policy forces him to do so, and indulges in an orgy of destructiveness concerning all other themes and individuals. Some of the "Washington Gossip" columns are just old womanish. I wonder if the psychoanalyst would find (horrible revelation) that there is, in the correspondents themselves, deep down, an envy of all that billion-inched national publicity which these men dispense, a feeling that perhaps the white light might have a fitter subject.

Superficiality is the besetting sin of American newspaperdom. Nothing is thorough; nothing has depth; the sense of dignity which properly accords with that inspiring designation, the Fourth Estate, is too, too seldom found. The best reporter we have had in a decade was William Bolitho, an Englishman. The best foreign correspondent, head and shoulders above his fellows, is Walter Duranty, born of English and Italian parentage and educated at Cambridge.

WHAT is the answer to all this? Wherein lies the remedy? In general, in a habit of self-examination by the press, a desertion of the comfortable assumption that newspaper writing and newspaper editing are finished arts. Something specific? A simple economic reform. The top-notch reporters on a New York daily get from $125 to $150 a week. The more common salary is $100, $75 or even $60. It is not enough, shamefully not enough. All too often the men with a solid basis of inherent ability and capacity for judgment look on reporting as a stepping-stone to something else. And they step, out and into an income more commensurate with first-rate mental effort. The ablest of those who remain are the most susceptible to cynicism. They stay in the business because of some quirk of character or because of that love of the game which is very real in most newspaper men.

A good mental house-cleaning and taking of stock would be of inestimable value to the American press. In the meantime, a decent compensation for news reporting would help.

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How About a Little Music?

By Sigmund Spaeth

A noted musical educator was addressing a group of New York business men at luncheon. Before starting he handed out a large assortment of toy instruments. One man got a drum, another a whistle, this one a small trumpet, that one a harmonica, a tambourine, a triangle, and so on.

As the musical intruments were distributed, a terrific din arose. For every hard-boiled, adult male in that room immediately began to toot and bang and whistle and clang as if his life depended on making as much noise as possible. The noted educator, who knows human nature very well, allowed the racket to proceed for several minutes. Then he raised his hand for silence and said, quietly: "The next time one of your youngsters does that, remember how you behaved under the same temptation just now."

How many people have gone through life with the sneaking suspicion that they might have played some musical instrument if they had only had a chance? How many have tried their hand at something of the sort, just "for the fun of it," only to be put off permanently by the stern reminder that they would "have to practise an hour a day"?

Has any child ever been shown the keyboard of a piano without wanting to play on it immediately? What about the physical and spiritual satisfaction of picking out *America* with one finger? Or following the black keys down and up again in that silly little tune, *Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater?*

It is not generally realized that those five black keys, that stick out so temptingly from the white ivory background, represent the five-toned scale, one of the oldest patterns of folk-music all over the world. The "natural musician," who feels that he can play "only on the black keys" (which, incidentally, is the feeling of Irving Berlin, Charles K. Harris of *After the Ball* fame, and many other song writers), is unconsciously following in the footsteps of the troubadours, the Scottish minstrels, and the Master Singers of Nuremburg. When you or your parents played *Chop Sticks* (with variations), you were experimenting with the two most important chords of musical harmony, the tonic and the dominant. Even the simple act of beating time with the foot, to an insistent march or waltz tune, indicates an instinctive grasp of the two fundamental divisions of rhythm, upon which all musical form is based.

Is it therefore any real exaggeration to say that practically everyone

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is a potential musician of some sort? Certainly some surprising results have been achieved when the raw material was caught young and properly trained, not by scales and finger exercises and hours of dull practice, but by the realization that music is a game that anybody can play, and the insistence that the element of fun be kept uppermost, and the element of drudgery be kept out altogether.

If people can not be instrumentalists, they can probably at least sing a little. It was quite astonishing, when the war days brought the craze for community singing, to find that almost any group could produce reasonably pleasant sounds, if there were enough people in it to cover up individual shortcomings. It may be significant also that before the days of Prohibition (and since, for that matter) the artificial removal of inhibitions from any group of four or more men invariably resulted in a spontaneous outburst of close harmony, with *Sweet Adeline* generally leading all the rest. The logical assumption is that man, in his natural state, freed from self-consciousness, expresses himself normally in song.

But, all theorizing, philosophizing and reminiscing aside, just what can the average American citizen be expected to accomplish in the way of making a little music of his own? Let us debar the radio and phonograph from consideration, even though they demand careful adjustment to get the best results. Their function is to provide musical background (and it is a most important one), perhaps even a musical stimulus. But they do not in any sense represent personal performance on the part of the owner.

The old-fashioned player-piano was a different matter. For here individual ability, taste and intelligence counted strongly. The perforated roll of paper, sliding over the brass bar, made the right notes sound, it is true, but the human being on the stool could absolutely control the speed and loudness in great detail, and even create entirely personal effects of expression by the various ways of pumping at the pedals.

The piano itself, apart from all player mechanisms, is by no means on its last legs, as some pessimists would have us believe. It has taken some stiff wallops from the automobile, the phonograph, and the radio in turn, but it still holds its own, and remains the king of musical instruments and a definite necessity in the cultivated home.

Teaching methods have changed very decidedly, and there are more than a few adults who have quietly made up their minds to give themselves once more the chance that they overlooked or threw away when they were young. With the old bugbear of scales and five-finger exercises removed, and a variety of practical systems available whereby anyone can actually "play pieces" after only a few lessons, business and professional men and women are finding it possible to take an occasional hour from their work to develop a recreational and social asset that they would once have considered automatically barred from their experience. There are special

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schools and teachers of jazz playing that concentrate on the building up of simple chords and harmonies "by ear," which is the natural method of all instinctive musicians.

PERHAPS the most interesting development of the piano situation has been the "class system" of instruction. This is one of the significant effects of modern efficiency upon the part of music. Instead of taking a teacher's time to explain the same fundamental things to each individual pupil separately, the whole thing is done in groups, incidentally adding the important factors of competition and emulation. Whenever an unusual talent is discovered, it can easily be set aside for private instruction. The National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, which directs all such matters (including also the annual celebration of Music Week and musical contests of all kinds), last year received requests from nearly four thousand communities for information concerning class piano instruction. So the good old upright isn't dead yet by any means.

One musical advantage that we have today over our parents and grandparents is that there are more different instruments to choose from. It used to be a case of piano or melodeon, with perhaps an occasional violin for variety. But now we have ukuleles, mandolins, guitars, Irish harps, zithers, 'cellos and bass fiddles on the string side, and saxophones, trumpets, trombones, alto horns, melophones, Sousaphones, bugles, clarinets and flutes to develop the wind. (Have you heard the latest definition of a piccolo? "It's an ill wood-wind that nobody blows good.")

All of these are now within the reach of the average amateur, individually or collectively. If he is too modest to woo a regular orchestral or band instrument, he has his choice of a wide variety of playthings that hover on the narrow border between amusement and art. He can get an imitation saxophone or clarinet on which he can pick out most of the simpler tunes. Or a trombone flute in which the notes change rather vaguely but by no means unmusically, according to the varying length of a mere telescopic tube, controlled entirely by hand. There are also the tin penny whistle, and the mournful ocharina, or "sweet potato," either of which a persistent experimenter can soon have literally at his fingertips.

THE ideal starting point for those who wish to blow their own is the conventional harmonica or mouth organ, now available in a great variety of types and sizes, from a miniature toy to a really expressive musical instrument. Harmonica bands are already common in schools and clubs, and many a youngster who started breathing in and out on two chords has proceeded to the eventual mastery of a regular band instrument.

For those who can't be bothered with even the simple process of moving up and down one side of a harmonica, a fascinating instrument has been perfected with small perforated rolls and a crank to turn them. All the performer has to do is to blow in and out, and keep turning the little handle. The player roll does the rest,

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and even *Turkey in the Straw*, at top speed, becomes an easy matter.

The stringed instruments likewise have their mechanical improvements in this day of short cuts and quick results. There is a form of zither, supplied with lettered keys, like a type-writer. When you hold down one of these keys and run your finger or a plectrum across the strings, you get the chord indicated by the letter. A similar contrivance has been applied to some modern instruments of the guitar and mandolin type.

If you have a good ear, however, and scorn mechanical helps, you will get the most fun out of a so-called "flexatone." This is simply a little piece of flexible steel in a wire frame, equipped with a handle. On each side is a small wooden hammer which causes the steel to vibrate as you shake it. A variety of tones can be produced by the simple process of pressing one end of the steel with your thumb. The more you press, the higher is the resulting tone. The quality is clear and sweet, like a whistle, and you can secure, with very little practice, a surprising accuracy of pitch.

With various types of xylophones, marimbas, gongs, drums and other instruments of percussion available, it is not difficult for any child or adult to work out the simpler patterns of rhythm and melody. You can play bugle-calls on the dining-room chimes, if you don't want to bother with blowing into a brass tube, and the same fundamental tones appear in one of the popular automobile horns of the day.

"Rhythm orchestras," in which the players merely have to keep time on various instruments, are now an essential part of the kindergarten, and these youngsters of early musical training generally develop into efficient members of the school bands, which today give zest to the life of nearly every American community.

It has been said that if you keep a boy blowing a horn he is not likely to be blowing a safe. Certainly the brass band has become a decided factor in public welfare by its practical solution of the problems of juvenile delinquency.

It has been found that boys and girls can learn to play band instruments acceptably in a few weeks' time, again chiefly through mass instruction. The same principle is being applied orchestrally, with its climax in a remarkable summer camp for young orchestra players, conducted by that musical pioneer, Joseph Maddy, and the National High School Orchestra of over two hundred youthful members, which recently made a successful concert tour.

In the last national contest, 650 school bands competed for the prizes offered by the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music. This was four times as many as in the previous year, and most of these youngsters, incidentally, came from the rural districts of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Kansas and Iowa.

These young musicians are not being trained for professional careers, any more than our athletic coaches expect to turn their charges into commercialized hirelings of sport. American athletics, which are in a very healthy state, aim chiefly at the development of good physical habits that will last a lifetime. In the

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same way our new conception of music as an everyday recreation may in time produce mental and spiritual habits that will add appreciably to the enduring satisfactions of life.

But this piece did not start out to be a sermon. It is only a fleeting survey of what is going on musically in a big, spread-out, rather haphazard country, which does not takes its art very seriously but which seems to realize, nevertheless, that a continuous routine of hard work (and even harder entertainment) may have its drawbacks, and that there may be fun in taking even a small part in a game which has long held its place among the supreme pleasures of human society.

How about a little music?

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Witches and Wills

By Harry Hibschman

You, of course, do not believe in witches. Hence the question of the effect of such a belief on the competency of its holder to make a valid will does not interest you as related to your own will. But what about that legacy you are expecting? Will the will giving it to you stand up in court? Is that dear and loving relative of yours normal? Or is he a queer old codger with crazy ideas and foolish eccentricities? Does he, perhaps, entertain quaint notions about fairies, ghosts and witches, or species not found on Broadway, that may be used later to impeach his mental fitness and his testamentary capacity?

These are questions that may prove of direct importance to almost anyone, for many a fortune has gone to the lawyers and the heirs, instead of to the beneficiaries mentioned in a will, because its maker was proved to have been too irrational to make one that the courts would uphold.

And so far as witchcraft is concerned, unfortunately belief in it is not yet dead in these Enlightened States of America, as has been demonstrated within the last few years in several notorious criminal trials. Witches and *hexers*, as they are called by the Pennsylvania Germans, still live and still play an active part in the affairs of men. How do the courts look upon belief in them and upon the acts and deeds of persons harboring such beliefs? Particularly, what do they hold as to the testamentary capacity of believers in witchcraft?

These are not merely pertinent questions. They are also extremely interesting ones. For the answers must be sought in actual cases decided by the courts, many of which present facts so weird and preposterous as to appear like the inventions of a modern Poe or Munchausen. And even stranger than the facts are, in many of the cases, the decisions of the august judicial tribunals.

One of the queerest of these cases arose in South Carolina a little over a hundred years ago. It involved an attack on the will of an absurd character of the name of Mason Lee, who disinherited all his relatives including two illegitimate sons, and gave his property, valued at over fifty thousand dollars, to the States of South Carolina and Tennessee jointly. The facts as detailed in the opinion of the Supreme Court of South Carolina are in some respects so inelegant, to put it mildly, that only an expurgated version of them

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can be given in a sedate family journal. But the following condensed statement in the language of the Court will suffice to give us a fair picture of the personality of the testator:

> The testator had no particular grounds for disliking his relatives, with one exception, . . . He believed that his relatives desired his death and that they used supernatural agency and bewitched him. He believed that all women were witches and would not sleep in a bed made by a woman. He believed also that an influence could be exerted on his body and mind from a distance; that some of his relatives were in his teeth, and to dislodge them he had fourteen of his teeth drawn. . . . He had holes cut in his shoes and in his hat, so that if the devil got in he could drive him out the easier. . . . He made his clothes himself. They were without buttons. He did not clean his clothes for months. He kept his hair shaved close to prevent the witches from getting hold of his hair. . . . In the daytime he dozed in a hollow gum log for a bed, keeping awake at night to fight the devil and witches. Once he imagined he had the devil nailed up in the fire-place.

Such being the testator's beliefs and actions, he made a will in which, as already stated, he gave everything to the two States named. He then provided: "And it is my will and desire that no part of my estate shall be enjoyed or in any wise inherited, by either or any of my relatives, while wood grows or water runs. . . . And my executors are enjoined to contend with them, either in law or equity, to enforce this my will by employing the best Charleston lawyers. . . ."

Well, the executors did have to contend; and, what is more, though I dare say you would never guess it, they won. For Mason Lee, in spite of all his absurd delusions and eccentricities, hardly to be matched outside of an institution for the insane, was declared to have been competent to make the will in question.

To be sure, this case is over a hundred years old. So let us examine some that are later; for, after all, the law is supposed to be a progressive science. Sometimes, too, different rules prevail in different jurisdictions.

A leading case and one that is frequently cited as a precedent in later decisions came before the Supreme Court of Indiana in 1854, and is worthy of note because the judicial attitude of the time relative to this subject is so fully revealed in the opinion.

The facts are comparatively simple. The will attacked was that of Francis Stephen, described by the court as "an ordinary, prudent, judicious business man, an average farmer." He had five children by a wife with whom he lived unhappily for some time prior to her death, and over whose death he expressed joy. Some of the children left him after their mother's death and refused to return, asserting that it was impossible to live with him. These children he disinherited, and they contested the will, alleging that their father was mentally incompetent when he made it. The gist of the evidence offered in support of their contention was that he believed in witchcraft, that he declared their mother, over whose death he rejoiced, was a witch, and that he asserted and believed that "at her death she had left her witch-sticks to her children," who, he complained, treated him badly because they, too, were witches.

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In other words, he disinherited them because of their alleged unfilial conduct, and he attributed that conduct to the fact of their being bewitched or being witches themselves.

After reciting these facts the court said that it was only called upon to answer one simple question, and that its answer to that question would be decisive of the case. The question was: "Is a belief in witchcraft evidence of such insanity as disables a person to make a will?" The court's answer, somewhat mixed both grammatically and theologically, was as follows:

> From the visits of Lot and others of the patriarchs (without referring to the scenes in the garden of Eden) down to this time, when the spirits, like Poe's stately midnight raven, come gently rapping, rapping at the chamber-doors of modern mediums, some of whom are eminent persons, the world, pagan, Jewish and Christian, have to a greater or less extent believed in spiritual existences, some being good and some evil, which have maintained a connection with and manifested their powers through human beings — in the case of the Witch of Endor to even raising the dead; while scarcely any pretend to be, and no one in fact is, able to explain the mystery, to enfold the manner of their operations, or lay down the laws governing them. The prevalence of the belief, however, and the authority on which it rests, are sufficiently extensive and respectable to shield any individual indulging it from the charge, if not of weakness, at least of insanity, simply on account of such belief.

THE validity of the will was sustained, though it may be pointed out that the question formulated and answered by the court failed to contain one important element revealed by the evidence. It did not take into account the fact that the testator's belief in witchcraft was directly connected with and responsible for his action in disinheriting his children. He thought his daughters were mistreating him because they were bewitched or were witches themselves, which is quite different from merely holding an abstract belief unrelated to the will.

THE evidence in a New York case decided in 1888 describes in considerable detail the peculiar means and remedies employed by a believer in witchcraft to protect and defend herself against the baleful machinations of the witches who were attempting to harm her.

The will attacked was that of a seventy-seven-year old woman of the name of Eliza Ann Vedder, who had left all her property, except one hundred dollars, to her husband, a man twenty years younger than herself, with whom she had lived harmoniously for a quarter of a century. There were no children, and the one legatee favored was a niece. The will was contested by the decedent's nephews and nieces. They contended that their aunt was mentally incompetent because of her belief in witches; and in support of their contention they showed the following facts, among others:

Mrs. Vedder talked a great deal about buried treasure and how to find it. She said she had seen lights at night over certain spots on the farm and, if a person would dig there at midnight, observing the proper ritual, he would find money. And once she took one of her nephews on a digging trip. She enjoined him to be absolutely silent from the time they left the house until they returned, and she made him carry a red rooster. She told him where to dig, but took a

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certain number of steps around the spot and went through some mysterious ceremonies before she motioned to him to go to work. They were disturbed in their search by evil spirits in the form of cattle, and found no gold.

There were times when the cream in the churn did not turn promptly enough, and then she knew it was bewitched. On such occasions she put irons into the cream and marked the sign of the cross on the bottom of the churn.

She said she could not keep her horses fat because the witches rode them at night. Once, she told a neighbor, she saw a headless rider crossing her field. She said she had seen the devil and had talked with Jesus. She also claimed to have seen her dead sister in a vision and to have been to heaven.

One time she visited a neighbor whose child was sick, and she declared it was bewitched. She advised the mother to search the pillow on which the child was lying, and said a hard bunch of feathers would be found in it, which she directed should be boiled at night in a pot. Then at midnight, she said, there would be a knock at the door, which no one was to answer; and in the morning the witch would be found lying dead outside.

The court said: "There is no evidence whatever to show that any or all of these beliefs, delusions, eccentricities, or peculiarities, had the slightest connection with or influence upon her testamentary act here in question." And it sustained the will.

But one of the most extraordinary cases to be found in the books arose in Mississippi before the Civil War and involved the will of Joseph P. Kelly, who can hardly have been surpassed by his negro slaves for credulity, superstition and voodooism.

As a number of witnesses expressed it, Kelly "blamed everything that went wrong on witches." If his slaves were sick, they were bewitched. If the cotton crop was poor, it was the witches' fault. Even when he went fishing and the fish failed to bite, he felt sure that the fault was not with his bait or with his piscatorial technique, but was convinced that evil spells had been cast upon the fish and upon him.

There were times when invisible forces made it impossible for him to enter his corn-crib, and others when for long periods he was mysteriously prevented from going to certain of his fields.

He had none of the usual comforts of living. He had a bed and a cot that had been repaired many times, but not enough bedding to keep warm. He had two plates, one cup and saucer, two or three chairs, and a safe nailed on the wall. He always wore an old hat, even at the table, and would not look at any one with whom he was talking. He frequently burst into tears without apparent cause. He hated women and would turn around if one sat down facing him. He never smiled or laughed; and he never returned home by the same route he used in leaving, because, he said, the witches would not let him. Sometimes he could not swallow his food and thought he was bewitched. And once he said the witches pushed him off a log into a creek, evidently,

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contrary to tradition, not being afraid of water.

Like Mason Lee, he, too, claimed to have seen the devil; and, strange to say, his first meeting with his Satanic Majesty he claimed to have been in a church. As soon as the door of the pew was closed on him, "the conjuring ——— of a devil" got hold of him, he asserted. Once, also he said, the witches took hold of the preacher and led him out of the church backward, showing no respect for, or fear of, the cloth. He himself was led out of his house in the same way, though he did not explain what the witches did with him after they abducted him.

WITHOUT going further into the voluminous oral testimony, much of which, like that in the Lee case, is unprintable except in law books, we may let the following excerpts from a letter written by the testator in 1850 to one John Williams serve to complete the picture of his mind and personality:

> I am going to plague you again. Them conjuring creatures have got me at such a pass that I can't go in my plantation. I haven't seen any of my crops this year except about ten acres. . . .
>
> I wrote to you about my father's trying to hang me at the persimmon tree. . . . His daughter (referring to a man he believed his enemy) was at the spring with your sister Nancy. . . . They made my hogs eat up my chickens and turkeys and sometimes the sows eat up all their pigs and they bewitch and conjure nearly everybody I have anything to do with. . . . Great God, deliver this world from conjuring devils!

In his favor, evidence was offered that he never mixed his witch ideas with his business, that he talked politics like a sensible man, and that he never indulged in witch talk when he was drinking. Another argument against the Eighteenth Amendment!

He gave all his property to his physician on condition that he pay the next of kin seven hundred dollars a year for ten years. The brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces contested the will and submitted against it the evidence outlined above. They had their trouble and expense for nothing, for in spite of all the queer beliefs and actions described by the witnesses and revealed in his own letters, the court held him competent to make a will. Let him who can, find comfort in that judicial pronouncement!

The Supreme Court of Illinois as recently as 1914 recognized the legal soundness of the rule applied in the cases discussed above, saying: "The fact that a person believes in witchcraft, clairvoyance, spiritual influences, presentments of the occurrences of future events, dreams, mind-reading, and the like, does not necessarily affect the validity of a will. Manifestly a man's belief can not be made a test of sanity."

THERE are some other adjudicated cases in which belief of a testator in witchcraft was presented to impeach his testamentary capacity. But there are none in which the will was successfully attacked. For the courts stand firmly on the principle that a mere belief, no matter how ridiculous, is not evidence by itself of mental incompetency, and that only if the belief is directly connected with, and the cause of, the testator's particular disposition of his property, will it be considered as casting doubt on the validity of the will. A man may be as crazy as the proverbial

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bedbug on one or more subjects, but if "he is capable of comprehending all his property and all of the persons who reasonably come within the range of his bounty, has sufficient intelligence to understand his ordinary business, and knows what disposition he is making of his property," he is competent to make a will.

As already indicated, modern courts apply a compartment theory and hold that a person may be laboring under an admittedly insane delusion, though they do not concede a belief in witchcraft to be such, and yet be competent in other respects and in other spheres. While some courts are inclined to modify this doctrine, the gap between the legal conception of mental competency and the scientific conception is on the whole as wide here as it is in the field of criminology. For even if a belief in witchcraft is not sufficiently extreme in a specific case to constitute an insane delusion, it is clearly evidence of a psychopathic trend; and in cases like those of Lee and Kelly, where the delusion is systematized so as to determine the daily way of living, it reveals a definite psychosis. Such unfortunate individuals would be diagnosed as paranoiacs by almost any present-day psychiatrist. Certainly, as one authority says, "The very fact that an insane delusion does persist in the mind is proof enough that a man can not reason soundly; he will reason insanely, feel insanely, and sooner or later he will act insanely."

The man who believes in witches can make a valid will under present judicial rulings; but, were we like Kelly, we would say, "That's the rule only because the judges themselves have been bewitched." It will not always be so.

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The Literary Landscape

by
HERSCHEL BRICKELL

This chapter of the Landscape will be written *en plein air*, and so if autumnal tints and sounds become somewhat confused with observations about books, the reader will understand. A maple flames before the Landscaper's eyes when they are lifted from his faithful typewriter; the goldenrod and asters are blooming, and the crab apples by the front door are a rich red and unbelievably mellow. The little lake lies mirror-like except when one of those fancy carp called goldfish breaks its surface. Beneath the rustle of dying leaves — all those who have sharp ears and who have lived the seasons round in the country knew the difference between the sound of leaves in spring and in autumn — the crickets' song goes steadily on, a romantic sound, *triste*, as the Spaniards have it, but not too sad; a sort of pleasant melancholy, with something of death in it, but the death of things that die only to come to life again, and speedily.

Or, in plainer language, another season is upon us, and the Landscaper is of the opinion that very few of those who have anything to do with books, either as writers, publishers or merchants, will be sorry that nature has come to the rescue. One of the reasons — it may have been a rationalization — most often advanced for the period of depression in matters literary during the past six months has been that the supply of books has offered very little excitement; that the book-buyer, ever a timid and sensitive soul, stopped his visits to his favorite book store because there was so little in it that he had to have. Perhaps this is where the drug stores come in, for no one can remain away from drug stores. Even if there is no need for the newest toothpaste or the latest cigarette with medicinal qualities, one must stop in for a drink or set of golf clubs, or a tire for the family automobile. . . . And while there, why not buy a book? Well, this prejudiced person can think of several reasons why not, but he, as any faithful followers he may have already know very well, is a pathetic old fogy, from whom life has run away, born too late into a world too old, or something like that.

Good Books Aplenty Now

Before we pursue this digression too far, before getting into the fact that whatever has been wrong

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with publishers' offerings in the past few months, there are plenty of good books now available, we might mention a small book on the subject of drug store dispensation of reading matter.

This is Ellis Parker Butler's *Dollarature* (Houghton Mifflin, 50 cents), which will probably be worth a laugh or two from the few Americans left who do not rejoice in the magnificence and omnipresence of our standardization. Mr. Butler has the quaint notion that there is some difference between books and chewing gum, this latter being a commodity purchased in encouragingly large quantities by the American public.

Show me a publisher in America rich enough to own a big league baseball team, not to mention other appurtenances that have come to the renowned Mr. Wrigley as a result of one of our most characteristic habits. . . Shall we be able to popularize reading as we have popularized chewing gum? This observer is just an old pessimist; perhaps it is the influence of the landscape, or the chirping of those tireless, if romantic, crickets. But read Mr. Butler's book, and find out that he thinks, along with a lot of other people, that people buy certain volumes because they like the way their authors write, and that by the same token they scorn certain other volumes because they detest the way their authors write.

What we very seriously need, little children, are some literary standards, some authors who will study the great American public and write books that will fit the taste of everyone.

The Aging Landscaper

ENOUGH of this frivolousness, however. We just must learn to take our country and our century seriously. This applies especially to the Landscaper, who is not far enough away from another of those annoying pauses in existence known as birthdays to have thrown off its evil shadow. The years are many, the years are long. . . . Except that they certainly do speed up after a certain age, and there is nothing like books to make them vanish, and at the same time to make them richer as they disappear.

It is especially in the field of the novel that the lack of excitement has been felt during the dull days of the past spring and summer. Occasionally something unusual wandered in; the Landscaper is glad to have been among the first to recognize the merit of Margaret Ayer Barnes's *Years of Grace*, which is now fixed on the best-seller lists, and which will probably hold its own against the strong competition that is coming. It is a good, solid, honestly done book that will please most novel-readers. But what of the new books? Well, the shelves are full, and the quality is high. There is no reason at all why the long winter evenings should be spent with the classics or with dollarature, for a number of novels are already out, and more are to come, that really deserve reading.

A Fine New York Novel

HIGH up on the list comes Louis Bromfield's *Twenty-Four Hours* (Stokes, $2.50), published as a serial under the title of *Shattered Glass*. Mr. Bromfield, who, in the opinion

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of this bureau of literary information, is one of the few real novelists writing in America today, has told the story of the lives of a group of people twice around the clock, the people living in the East Fifties. The scene is contemporary New York, and the book is rich in shrewd observation, filled with the spirit of our half-mad city. It is good reading, and ought to be another fine novel that will make and keep the best-seller lists.

There are things to be criticised about the work of Mr. Bromfield, and we might as well take up one or two of them now. He is a good novelist who has no apparent sense of style, and who not infrequently gives cause for pain to the person hypersensitive, also, as to refinements in the use of language. He writes too much; in other words, he has overflowing energy. Otherwise, as others have said, he has just about everything needed for novel-writing, and with all his faults, the Landscaper would not exchange him for several hundred of the tight little technicians who turn out neat small packages of fiction that are of no earthly consequence to any one except themselves and one or two highbrow critics.

Then there is J. B. Priestley's *Angel Pavement* (Harper, $3), a great long, sprawly digressive piece of writing, about a certain section of London, about which Mr. Priestley seems to know everything. There is plenty of humor in the book, many anecdotes, good characterization, and just about everything else that makes novels worth reading. The quarrel is already on concerning the relative merits of Mr. Priestley's first novel, *The Good Companions*, and his new one, and there is a wide difference of opinion on the subject, but whatever the final decision, *Angel Pavement* is worth the money asked for it.

The Days of Edward VII

Another good novel that is less certain to please nearly every one than these two is V. Sackville West's *The Edwardians* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a fictional recreation of a period, that is admirably done and filled with sharp satire upon the fast set of the time of Edward VII. Then there is a new edition of *Maurice Guest* by Henry Handel Richardson (Norton, $2.50), whose belated recognition is one of the most cheerful occurrences of recent months. This book is the first third of a trilogy that seems destined to make more stir in future histories of the novel than it did for many years among novel-readers. Already mentioned, but by now having passed the test of popular approval, is Rosamond Lehmann's second novel, *A Note in Music* (Holt, $2.50), a delicate and penetrating study of middle-aged married people, a much more mature book than Miss Lehmann's overwhelmingly popular *Dusty Answer*. These are a few of the books that will be talked about all winter. Among others are Charles Norris's *Seed* (Doubleday, Doran, $2), a novel of birth-control, which is not a good novel in any sense of the word, but which has caught on because of its subject, and *Parties*, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf, $2.50), which is a very tiresome novel about people who get drunk and stay drunk.

Margaret Kennedy, the author of *The Constant Nymph* and *Red Sky At Dawning*, will soon have a new book, which continues the fortunes

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of Sanger's Circus, and which ought to be worth keeping an eye upon. Having cast one eye to the future, the Landscaper risks another to the past, and mentions again Gordon Stowell's *Button Hill* (Richard R. Smith, $2.50), which is an exceptionally fine picture of an English suburb and proof that suburbs of all countries share other qualities than mere ugliness. The Stowell book is long and detailed, but it has something to say, which makes it deserve a medal of some sort.

The Younger Americans

THERE are several novels by younger American writers — a few of whom have already earned their spurs, and others of whom probably will before many more years have passed — that deserve attention. Among the best of these is Edwin Granberry's *The Erl King* (Macaulay, $2.50), a singularly beautiful story laid in a section of Florida which Mr. Granberry has made his own. It is the story of a doomed son of one of the older families in the countryside, and it manages to carry out remarkably well the feeling of ballad-literature. The style is poetical, but not excessively so, and the creation of atmosphere masterly. This is hardly a novel for every reader, but it is a lovely piece of work, and shows that Mr. Granberry's other two books, *The Ancient Hunger* and *Strangers and Lovers*, were no mere accidents. He writes as well as Thornton Wilder and has a good deal more originality and inventive power.

Donald Joseph, author of *October's Child*, has done a good second novel in *Long Bondage* (Stokes, $2.50), the story of Lucy Cannerton, born to the purple in a Southern family, and waging a stern war to hold on to an early romance against all the intervening circumstances. This she manages to do. Mr. Joseph writes admirably.

We seem to have struck a Southern streak, since Mr. Granberry and Mr. Joseph are both Southern, and perhaps it is just as well to follow it a little further. Some months ago, the Landscaper commented with unrestrained enthusiasm upon a volume of short stories by Fiswoode Tarleton, and now Mr. Tarleton has produced his first novel, *Some Trust in Chariots* (Lincoln MacVeagh — the Dial Press, $2), a splendid story of Southern mountaineers, well handled and thoroughly interesting. Another Southern novel is *Gentlemen All* by William Fitzgerald, Jr. (Longmans, Green, $2), a cleverly done study of the disintegration of a Virginia aristocrat under the influence of an early disappointment and of the life around him. It is minor tragedy, because Mr. Fitzgerald's protagonist doesn't matter much, but the writing is good; it has somewhat the same texture as the work of Anne Parrish, for example.

Mrs. Millin's Africa

AMONG the other distinguished novels that are current is Sarah Gertrude Millin's *Adam's Rest* (Liveright, $2.50), in which Mrs. Millin returns to the theme of *God's Stepchildren*, the race problem in South Africa, for her plot. The book is principally the story of two sisters, one of whom takes life as it is, the other of whom is keenly sensitive to the tragedy of mixed blood which is before her eyes every day. There is no need to comment at any great

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length on Mrs. Millin's ability as a novelist, as she has long since won a high place, and *Adam's Rest*, if it is not the best of her books, is one of the best. It is, to the Landscaper's own way of thinking, a better novel than *The Fiddler*, its immediate predecessor, which was brilliant technically, but rather thin and a bit too mechanical in plot. In *Woman Under Glass*, Virginia Hersch (Harper, $2.50), whose novel based upon the life of El Greco and called *Bird of God* was commented upon here enthusiastically last year, has written the story of Santa Teresa of Avila, one of the greatest women Spain has ever produced. Miss Hersch's book is based very largely upon the mystical writings of Teresa, and lays too much emphasis upon the saintly ecstasies of her subject to have any very wide appeal. As far as it goes, it seems to the Landscaper a capable piece of work, but there is much left out — Teresa was a versatile soul, as good at writing letters to Phillip II on how to conduct his foreign affairs as she was at communicating directly with God, or straightening out a quarrel among the nuns of some of the many convents she supervised. Those who have followed the work of the interesting Dutchwoman, Jo Van Ammers-Küller, will find that she has done another brilliant novel about the stage and its people in *Jenny Heysten's Career* (Dutton, $2.50). It is in very much the same vein as *The House of Joy*.

More About America

To skip back to the American scene again before moving along from fiction to more serious matters, there is Walter D. Edmonds's *The Big Barn* (Little, Brown, $2), the successor to the *Rome Haul*, in which Mr. Edmonds established himself as an admirable hand at bringing back past periods in American history. The new book tells the story of the ambition of a potentate of the canal valleys of New York State to own the biggest barn in the country. Then there is *Wind Without Rain* by Shan Sedgwick (Scribners, $2), the tale of a garden suburb of New York and of the Wall Street offices where the money is made to keep up the homes therein, which is a good piece of realistic writing, with two astonishing stenographers in it, the truth of whose portraits anyone who knows the breed will recognize. And there is Charles Francis Coe's *The Other Half* (Cosmopolitan Press, $1.50), a novel of gangster life by a man who knows what he is talking about, and there is the novel by Irving Fineman, *This Pure Young Man*, which won a prize of $7,500 in a contest held recently by Longmans, Green, and which tells the story of the struggles of a sensitive youth against the background of the war, of business, and especially of the raising of steel-framed buildings. Most prize novels are pretty bad, and this one is hardly a world-beater, but it is considerably above the average of first attempts at fiction, and not at all uninteresting.

Short Stories

Two volumes of short stories that deserve attention are Leonard Merrick's *The Little Dog Laughed* (Dutton, $2.50), Mr. Merrick's first short stories for some years, and Stark Young's *The Street of Life* (Scribners, $2.50). Mr. Merrick's stories are excellent; his pen has not

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lost any of its cunning, and there is more entertainment in his book than in half a dozen ordinary novels. Mr. Young's pieces are for a smaller audience, because they are more delicate; the emphasis is upon the overtones of life. There are stories of Spain, of the countries to the south of us, and of Mr. Young's own South, of which he had written so charmingly in *Heaven Trees*, *The Torches Flare*, and *River House*, and some fragments, including a particularly fine one that concerns a farmer of Assisi. There is a good deal of the quality in some of these new pieces that is to be found in *Three Fountains*, a book of Italy by Mr. Young that is a classic of its kind. His prose is enchanting, always smooth and pleasant. There are times when the meaning of such stories as *Beatus Rex*, in the new volume, seems annoyingly difficult, but perhaps it is good for all of us to tease our brains occasionally. Mr. Young's volume is decorated with woodcuts by Ilse Bischoff.

There are considerably fewer war books around now than there were three months ago, but the market is not entirely lacking even yet, although it will be if the public interest does not pick up again. Just now two of some importance are at hand, one of them John Lewis Barkley's *No Hard Feelings* (Cosmopolitan Press, $2), which is a hard-boiled soldier's idea of what went on with the American troops in the war. It is not the first account of the kind, and will probably not be the last. It has the validity of an honest document, and it shows that many people had a good time in the war, which is a general statement — otherwise, war would have ended a long time ago. Paolo Monelli's *Toes Up* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) tells the tale of the Alpini, Italy's crack troops, who did most of their fighting in the Dolomites, not exactly a terrain one would choose voluntarily for anything except peaceful mountain climbing. The author is a well known Italian journalist, and has done a good job in his chronicle of men who "lived brutally and died heroically."

Books on Prohibition

PROHIBITION is another subject that may always be relied upon to provide a few books. There are three before the Landscaper just now, at least two of which look really useful. One of these is *What Rights are Left* (Macmillan, $2), which is by Henry Alan Johnston of the New York Bar, and which is a brief legal survey of the whole liquor situation. It explains what may or may not be done under existing Prohibition legislation, succinctly and conveniently. The other is *Shake 'Em Up* by Virginia Elliott and Phil D. Strong (Brewer and Warren, $1), a book of recipes for canapés and cocktails that would bring water to the mouth of old Andrew J. Volstead himself, if his palate has any sensitiveness at all. On the whole the Elliott-Strong book outranks Mr. Johnston's volume; certainly there is no need to consult the law, with speakeasies as abundant as they are in New York, and bootleggers as obliging. The rest of the title of this entertaining volume is *A Practical Handbook to Polite Drinking*. The third book on Prohibition is *Is Amendment Eighteen Treason?* a small volume by Joshua Grozier, published by the World

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Press of Denver. Mr. Grozier is a distinguished member of the bar — legal — of Denver. He offers some ingenious arguments to support his thesis, but the Landscaper can not see just what he can hope to accomplish at this late date.

The lull in biographies during the past month or two has now been broken and the current lists offer the widest possible variety in this type of literature. The Landscaper's own choice of the lot is Harold Nicholson's biography of his father, *Portrait of a Diplomatist* (Houghton Mifflin, $5). The father was Sir Arthur Nicholson, First Lord Carnock, and in the British diplomatic service for a little more than forty years. He entered it the week before the Battle of Sedan and left it the week after the Battle of Jutland. The book is as much a study of the origins of the World War as it is the excellent study of a typical English diplomat, typical in education and training and in honesty and loyalty. Mr. Nicholson summarizes his opinion of the blame for the War by saying that he thinks Germany less at fault than Austria or Russia, and that the real origin of the War lay in the tremendous expansion of the British Empire between 1500 and 1900. The book is well written and thoroughly interesting. Harold Nicholson himself served for some years in the diplomatic service before giving himself up exclusively to the literary life. He is the author of *Some People*, a collection of short stories that the Landscaper has raved about so much and so often that his friends must be suspecting that he is in the pay of the Nicholson family. Once about every ten blue moons, though, a book comes along that no literate person should fail to read, and *Some People* is one of these books. It has probably had a total sale of a thousand copies since its publication two or three years ago.

A Portrait of Morgan

JOHN K. WINKLER'S talents for informal biography have recently occupied themselves with J. Pierpont Morgan, the title of the book being *Morgan the Magnificent* (Vanguard Press, $3.50). This is hardly so interesting a biography as Mr. Winkler's *Rockefeller*, the reason being that there is not quite so much gossip available about the elder Morgan. Mr. Winkler does point out one interesting thing: Morgan was devoutly religious, and as earnest an Episcopalian as Rockefeller is a Baptist. The simple and childlike faith of so many of our millionaires is one of the most striking phenomena of our period; this belief in *Gott mit Uns* does not seem to touch the moral sides of their lives at all, but it strengthens them in their ruthlessness, no doubt.

The current Ludwig book — there has to be at least one current and sometimes more — is *Three Titans* (Putnam, $3.50), the life stories of Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and Beethoven. Herr Ludwig is his usual readable and journalistic self in these three sketches. He strains at a good many points to co-relate the lives of the giants, but the book is entertaining enough. Considering that his hunt for biographical subjects has already taken him so far afield as Jesus and Lincoln, it is a little surprising to find him putting three great subjects into one volume. . . .

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Great Men of the East

THERE are two new books on Eastern figures, Fernand Grenard's *Baber: First of the Moguls* (McBride, $3.50), and *The Life of Mahomet*, by Emile Dermenghem (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $5). Grenard's book might well be read with Harold Lamb's *Genghis Khan* and *Tamerlane*, if these two fascinating volumes have been overlooked; from the three one might glean the whole story of a magnificent Oriental dynasty. Baber's story is one of the best of its chapters, an incredible tale of courage and cruelty, poverty and splendor, which the author has told very well. M. Dermenghem's volume on Mohammed is carefully documented and is the work of a real scholar. It makes every effort to be fair and to give the leader of Islam credit for all his accomplishments. In thoroughness and fairness, it forms a striking contrast to most of the attempts to set down the biography of Mohammed, who has fared especially badly, of course, at the hands of devout Christian writers.

John Palmer has written a long, comprehensive and solid biography in *Molière* (Brewer and Warren, $5). The author is an Englishman, well known as a critic. His book is not at all unreadable because of its exhaustiveness, and it will certainly take its place as a standard volume for reference. *A Lady Who Loved Herself*, by Catharine Young (Knopf, $4), tells the story of Madame Roland, a remarkable woman, who will probably never be forgotten because of her dying words, although there is evidence in plenty that she did not always think of liberty while she lived.

This month finds two lives of Jefferson Davis available, one by Miss Elisabeth Cutting, for years managing editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the other by Judge Robert W. Winston, author of *Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot*, the biography of a few seasons past that aroused historians as well as readers in general by the amount of new light it shed on Johnson's career and character. Miss Cutting's volume is called *Jefferson Davis: Political Soldier* (Dodd, Mead, $5); Judge Winston's, *High Stakes and Hair Trigger: A Life of Jefferson Davis* (Holt, $3.50). Both are good books, the two best available on Davis. Miss Cutting lays considerably more emphasis upon the foreign relations of the Confederacy than does Judge Winston, whose whole effort is bent toward trying to understand and to bring to life the sort of person Davis really was. The two biographers are in agreement in saying that it was Davis's conceit and his stiffnecked attitude that caused him most of his trouble; Judge Winston, in particular, makes him seem strikingly typical of the Old South, an aristocrat with the faults and virtues of the breed. Both volumes are well illustrated, and contain full bibliographies.

The Brontë Sisters

ADD to the several good biographies of English literary figures written by Frenchmen and Frenchwomen in recent years *Three Virgins of Haworth, or The Life of the Brontë Sisters*, by Emilie and Georges Romieu (Dutton, $3). This

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is an excellent book, which ought not to offend any Bronteians, and which will surely give information and pleasure to the younger generation, which has not heard the story of the lives of Charlotte, Emily and Anne, one of the most curious to be found anywhere in literary history. It should serve as an excellent introduction to *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*, both of which have been ransacked by the Romieus for their autobiographical material.

The shelf reserved for Americana is fairly creaking this month, and the section of the Landscaper's library devoted to books about this country will soon have to be extended. There are books about frontier days, and books about the last ten years; books about rangers and books about gangsters; books about cowboys and books about aviators. Douglas Branch, author of *The Hunting of the Buffalo* and *The Cowboy and His Interpreters*, has done a splendid story of the frontier in *Westward: The Romance of the American Frontier* (Appleton, $5), in which the emphasis is all upon the human elements of the story. Economic and governmental problems take second place, and the concern is with the men who were responsible for the western invasion and for its success. Mr. Branch contends, and quite rightly, that the frontier had a dignity all its own, and that it nurtured in the men who loved it two splendid things — honesty and personal liberty. Nor does he believe that the frontier, as crude as it was at times, was so cruel as the industrial conquest. It fostered, too, the qualities of self-reliance and independence, both of which tend to vanish under the present system. The frontier has had an incalculable influence upon American character and culture, and when this influence ceases, we shall probably be more law-abiding, but less men and women in most other respects. Mr. Branch's book is good reading, and is illustrated with woodcuts by Lucina Smith Wakefield.

Something About California

On the *Old West Coast, Being Further Reminiscences of a Ranger*, by Major Horace Bell, edited by Lanier Bartlett (Morrow, $5), is a first-hand account of early days in the West, which is of the very stuff of history. Its author was once famous as a fighter and is now well known for his knowledge of the early days of California. There are many illustrations in this interesting volume. *John Mason, Pioneer; the Life Story of a Trail Blazer on Six Frontiers*, by George D. Lyman (Scribners, $3.50), is another volume rich in historical material and filled with adventure. Mason himself was a most extraordinary character. He was graduated from Harvard in 1823, and became a school teacher, an Indian agent, a cattle baron, and eventually a hermit, although he had married a beautiful halfbreed early in his career. This is a story of California before the Forty-Niners. The author is a distinguished pediatrician in San Francisco.

John Charles Fremont: An Explanation of His Career, by Cardinal Goodwin (Stanford University Press, $4), is an attempt to "debunk" Fremont in the light of recent investigations made by the author. He

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is of the opinion that Allan Nevins, whose recent life of Fremont has been so widely praised, was unconsciously influenced by the fact that he had access to all the family documents, and that Mr. Nevins has been too kind to the explorer. The present book lays especial emphasis upon Fremont's part in the Bear Flag Revolt in California, the reputedly fraudulent war contracts, and the railroad scandals of the Civil War period. A book about an entirely different section of the country that has already found a good many readers is James B. Connolly's *The Book of the Gloucester Fishermen*, published by John Day at $5, and now reduced in price to $2.50, although two new chapters have been added.

Very Early Western Days

More about the West, but the very, very early West, is to be found in the first comprehensive and authoritative study of *The Mound Builders*, which is by Henry Clyde Shetrone (Appleton, $7.50). The author is the leading authority on the civilization and culture of the aborigines who raised mounds in so many widely separated localities, and the curator of the best museum devoted to the subject. There are 300 illustrations, and the book discusses fully all questions relating to the Mound Builders. It has been compared with McCurdy's *Human Origins*, the standard work on the pre-history of Europe.

Another volume that will interest not only students of the early history of their country but also all lovers of adventure is, Foster Rhea Dulles's *The Old China Trade* (Houghton Mifflin, $4). This is the account of the establishment of trade relations between this continent and China, the story being brought down to 1844. Mr. Dulles, as a student of international affairs, has been particularly interested in the influence of these early days upon the course of later diplomatic events, but he has not neglected the human interest element, and there are several corking stories in the volume, disregarding altogether their implications. The illustrations are well-chosen.

The book about present-day America that should be of the most interest to the future, since it presents a complete and detailed picture of the country and its people, is Preston William Slosson's *A History of America since 1914: The Great Crusade and After* (Macmillan, $5). Professor Slosson has put everything into the book from flying to flappers, popular fads, customs, slogans, and what not, and the result is a sort of hodgepodge out of which emerges something curiously like our America — painfully like our America. This is history written as Mark Sullivan has done it in his two excellent volumes. It should be noted that Professor Slosson is rather optimistic about the sweeping changes of the past sixteen years.

Literature and the Stomach

The miscellaneous shelves do not lack their load, and bear still further evidence that the person who goes hopefully to a bookshop nowadays is not likely to come away empty-handed. The Landscaper trusts there will not be too much shock in the statement that one of

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the most intelligently written books he has read for some time is on the very prosaic but important subject of *Nervous Indigestion*, which is high up among America's pet diseases. The author of the volume is Walter C. Alvarez (Hoeber), a specialist in gastrointestinal aches and pains. It should help any one who has ever had indigestion, nervous or otherwise, and it is a pity most doctors can not be made to read it and to practice what it teaches. There is another field where medical science is entitled to a great deal more credit than it is for the treatment of obscure ailments, and this is the suppression of plagues. The story of this conquest is well told in *Riders of the Plagues: The Story of the Conquest of Disease*, by James A. Tobey (Scribners, $3.50), which gives a brief history of the great epidemics and tells how they were wiped out.

Quo Vadis, Say They

THIS month's book of humor is undoubtedly *Whither Whither: Or After Sex, What?*, published by Macaulay, and described as a symposium to end symposia, an aim with which the Landscaper is in full sympathy. *Whither Whither* contains a number of essays on a variety of subjects, including pieces by Corey Ford, James Thurber, E. B. White, Edmund Wilson, Kenneth Burke, Malcolm Cowley and others. There are several gentlemen in this gallery who burst right out as humorists after lifetimes of taking the world and themselves with what has appeared to be the utmost gravity.

Those readers who are seriously interested in the events leading up to the World War, will find a chance to gratify every bit of their curiosity in *The Coming of the War* by Bernadotte E. Schmidt (two volumes, Scribners, $10), a work upon which Professor Schmidt has been engaged for years. In point of time, it covers only the period between the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo and the actual outbreak of hostilities. Professor Schmidt has had access to the Austro-Hungarian documents published in December, 1929, and has also made a fresh study of the American diplomatic correspondence of the period. He puts the principal blame for the War on the Central Powers.

For those who are particularly interested in the period covered by Miss Sackville West in *The Edwardians*, the Landscaper has two more books to suggest; the first, R. D. Blumenthal's *In the Days of Bicycles and Bustles*, 1883–1914 (Brewer and Warren, $3.50), the diary of an American who has for many years held a high position in the English world of journalism. The period covered is from the Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria to the outbreak of the World War, and the book is filled with good gossip, and with personalities. The other volume referred to is *King Edward and His Court*, by Sir Lionel Cust, K.C.V.O. (Dutton), which is an intimate record of Edward's reign. The author was a close friend of the King, so close indeed, that the jacketeer writes that on occasions the Monarch received his subject in his dressing room! Informality can surely go no further. Jesting aside, the book is of considerable interest, and not merely one of those tediously polite English memoirs

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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

Canada and Liquor

By A. Stevenson

Your contributor, Phelps H. Adams, in his article entitled *Right Off the Boat*, makes the charge that "For six years the United States Government tried to persuade the Canadian officials to refuse to issue papers to those vessels, bound for the United States, which carried contraband, and for six years the Canadian Government declined to do so."

Now, while this statement is true, it is not the whole truth, and so the writer, I suppose unwittingly, does a great injustice to the Canadian Government and the Canadian people. For, though the statement may not, perhaps, be justly considered a case of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, the effect is the same as if it were so, and therefore, in the interest of friendly feeling between the two peoples, something more needs to be said to clear up the matter.

Your readers should note that ever since the American prohibitory law was passed, a great and increasing number of the Canadian people objected to any action or inaction on the part of their Government which would favor the exportation of liquor to the United States. They judged that to tolerate the traffic might justly be considered an unfriendly act by the American people. But their opposition weakened rapidly when they discovered that the smugglers were mostly American subjects and that many American officials along the Detroit River, whose duty it was to prevent the smuggling of liquors into their country, were so perfunctory in the discharge of that duty that the whole business became a downright farce. This went on for years, and so Canadians came to believe that this comic opera performance must have had the direct or tacit approval of the American authorities higher up. Therefore the Canadian Government did not feel under any strong compulsion to aid American officials in carrying out a law which they themselves did not make any serious effort to enforce. But just as soon as the American Government really set to work to enforce its own law, the Canadian Government responded with direct action and stopped the export trade at once and effectively.

Your contributor knew of the failure of proper enforcement on the part of your officials and the reason therefor, for he says that "hundreds of thousands of dollars had been paid in graft to Government agents." He should, therefore, have considered the whole matter from this point of view, and, if he had done so, he probably would not have censured the Canadian Government as strongly as he did.

Reply from the Race Tracks

I have just finished *The Sport of Kings* in the September issue of The North American Review, and being a price-maker for the books, I can hardly enthuse over the "panning" Mr. Wilkinson has given them. He has not considered the expense of from one to two hundred a day for clerks, badges and transportation, nor the twenty per cent of bad markers this "no cash" system entails. The "line" is sent out from seven to twenty-five per cent strong according to size of field, the latter figure being for two-year-old maiden races with eighteen to thirty starters. The very first rush will result in a loss of half of this percentage. If, for example, the favorite is played down from evens to seven to ten, the operator will average at four to five and lose five per cent of opening total, and then must lose an additional five per cent in raising the balance of the line. His chief trouble is yet to come, when he discovers that his second or third choice, representing from fifteen to thirty per cent, is not wanted at any price; in other words, that his (the horse's) people "do not like him." Is the public going to fall in on this "cooler"? Not by a jug full!

Mr. Wilkinson need waste no sympathy on the present-day New York track horse player. This worthy person carefully "dopes" the races before coming to the track, then stands round his favorite bookie, patiently waiting to see what action will come on. His first care is to learn the live ones. If his choice is among them, well and good; if not, he forgets all about his selection for that race, and "strings along" with the wise money. The first protection the race-tracks should give their betting patrons, would be to install an announcement board on which the "slicker" trainers would be made to express their intentions, with such

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notices as "Starting my horse today for education" or "Instructing my rider not to punish his mount," etc. Just consider what a help it would be if the public, the oralists, and the price-maker were "hep" to the fact that only four of the thirty two-year-old maidens about to run down the Widener chute, had designs on the purse!

Mr. Wilkinson's praise of the *pari-mutuels* is strictly a matter of personal choice. Certainly, no race-track, operating on this system, that does not include a totalizer in its equipment, is run on strictly legitimate lines. In France, and of late years in England as well, the totalizer is placed in plain view of everyone, and locked when the horses reach the post. No shifts are then possible, and the bettor can figure his own pay-off. Here, in the United States, some bright genius invented the certificate system. The player steps up and buys a ticket of which no record of any kind appears. Sales are continued until the horses are almost finishing; then, a record of straight, place and third sales at the different windows is jotted down on a large sheet, and taken to a private room for addition, subtraction, or division as the manager and selected calculators desire. The straight money is usually fairly honestly distributed, but the holders of place and third certificates are left trusting to luck. This system is now in general operation at practically all the *mutuel* plants in America, and what is being done to the public would make the New York bookmaker look like a philanthropist.

I wonder if Mr. Wilkinson knows that wherever the *mutuels* came in competition with the books they were forced to discontinue for lack of patronage; which happened at Jerome Park in 1883, in Baltimore (Pimlico) in the 'Nineties, and at New Orleans ten years later.

And here we might introduce the pool rooms and hand-books, and remark that the *mutuels* created ninety per cent of them. If Mr. Wilkinson will inquire from any track information company, he will learn that less than ten per cent of the pool rooms throughout the country handle the New York races, because the late scratches, jockeys and general information make it impossible to do so in a satisfactory way, and the added starters put them out of business entirely. The *mutuel* plants, however, send out the whole line-up — scratches, jockeys, etc. — as early as ten A.M. and you can step up to a hand-book in San Francisco, and get the whole story a half hour later. The special delight of these operators (hand-books) is that they have the whole field (bar winner) running for them. If the field wins (whether it consists of two or twenty horses), do you collect at the rate the field pays in the machines? You do not, unless you have picked the horse that was first past. The other two or more, go for the house.

Breakage was thought out as a scheme to keep the odd pennies due the holders of winning tickets It served the double purpose of using fewer cashiers and of keeping as much of the winners' money as possible. If the winner should receive a dollar fifty-four for his two dollar ticket, he would be paid three fifty, because it was inconvenient to pay him four cents. So far, so good. But if the player had a thousand dollars on the horse, he was entitled to seven hundred and seventy dollars No question of pennies here, but a whole twenty dollar bill was withheld from his just due, because the *mutuels* could not pay the two dollar betto the odd four cents. Is that necessity or expediency? All that was needed to correct this injustice was to figure the pool from one hundred dollars down, instead of from one dollar up. Does Mr Wilkinson see the joke? No, Mr. Wilkinson, New York State will never have *mutuel* betting. The constitution of the State would have to be changed, the people would have to vote "yes" to such a change, and the Supreme Court would declare such a law unconstitutional, as it has done in Florida and Nebraska, and wherever Supreme Courts have passed on a law that is clearly in violation of the lottery laws of the United States

A. J. G.

A Captious Critic

In the face of existing conditions, with self respecting young people walking the streets and in some cases begging meals from their friends who have nothing but their daily wages and the fear of being in the same boat any minute the article of John Pell seems little short of wicked. Apparently neither he nor you, Mr Editor, have ever heard of an organization known as the Standard Oil Company, No. 26 Broadway New York City. But if you and he want to find out just exactly how bad business is, that is a good place to go. Any paper of such pretentiousness that ignores entirely an industry like oil is not worth the ink to print it.

A. C. C.

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